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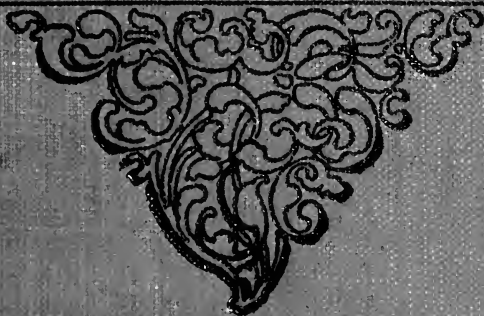
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**HIAWATHA**



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LONGFELLOW'S  
HIAWATHA

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BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE AND NOTES

BY

MARGARET HILL McCARTER,  
Former Teacher of English and American Literature,  
Topeka High School.

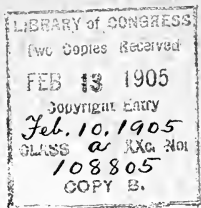
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am. P., March 20, 1928

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# A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

---

## IMPORTANT FACTS IN LONGFELLOW'S LIFE.

Descent from John Alden.

Boyhood in Portland, Maine, 1807-1821.

Education at Bowdoin College, 1821-1825.

Election to chair of modern languages of Bowdoin College, 1825.

Residence abroad, 1826-1829.

Professorship in Bowdoin College, 1829-1835.

First book published, 1833.

Election to chair in Harvard College, 1835.

Second residence abroad, 1835-1836.

Professorship in Harvard College, 1836-1854.

Retirement to private life, 1854-1882.

## CHRONOLOGY.

Birth, February 27, 1807.

Graduation from College, 1825.

Marriage to Miss Mary Potter, 1831.

Death of Mrs. Longfellow, 1835.

Marriage to Miss Frances Appleton, 1843.

Death of Mrs. Longfellow, 1861.

Death, March 24, 1882.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO HIS OWN BIOGRAPHY.

The Children's Hour.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

To the River Charles.  
 The Two Angels.  
 Three Friends of Mine.  
 Monturi Salutamus.  
 From My Arm-Chair.

## BIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By R. H. Stoddard,  
 Scribner's Magazine, September, 1878.

Glimpses of Longfellow in Social Life. By Annie  
 Fields. Century Magazine, April, 1886.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; a biographical sketch.  
 By Francis H. Underwood, 1882.

Final Memorials of Longfellow. Edited by Samuel  
 Longfellow, 1888.

The White Mr. Longfellow. From My Literary Friends  
 and Acquaintances. W. D. Howells.

## CONTEMPORARY POETS.

Tennyson.	Lowell.
The Brownings.	Bryant.
Hood.	Poe.
Wordsworth.	Holmes.
Moore.	Emerson.
Coleridge.	Whittier.

LANGUAGES INTO WHICH LONGFELLOW'S POEMS ARE  
 TRANSLATED.

French.	German.
Portuguese.	Dutch.
Italian.	Swedish.
Spanish.	Danish.
Polish.	Russian.

## MAGAZINE REFERENCE.

North American Review: October, 1834; January, 1840; July, 1842; January, 1848; July, 1849; January, 1856; April, 1867; July, 1867; April, 1881.

Atlantic Monthly: December, 1863; May, 1886.

Macmillan's: May, 1886.

Harper's: June, 1882.

British Quarterly Review: January, 1864; July and October, 1882.

## OUTLINE OF SELECTED WORKS.

Outre-Mer.

PROSE.

Hyperion.

Poets and Poetry of Europe.

POETRY.

*Early Poems*—Sunrise on the Hills, Hymn of the Moravian Nuns.

*New England Life*—Paul Revere's Ride, Courtship of Miles Standish, Elizabeth, The Phantom Ship.

*Foreign Life*—Nuremberg, Amalfi, Belfry at Bruges.

*Sea Poems*—The Building of the Ship, The Bells of Lynn, The Fire of Driftwood, Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

*Nature Poems*—Autumn, Flowers, Flower de Luce, Birds of Killingworth, Rain in Summer, Hymn to the Night.

*Personal*—Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz, The Herons of Elmwood, The Three Silences of Molinos, Bayard Taylor, Hawthorne.

*Human Slavery*—The Slave's Dream, The Warning, The Slave Singing at Midnight.

*Life and Death* — The Reaper and the Flowers, Resignation, The Builders, The Ladder of Saint Augustine, The Goblet of Life.

*Translations* — Dante's Divina Commedia, Children of the Lord's Supper, The Song of the Silent Land.

## INTRODUCTION TO HIAWATHA.

---

Longfellow was a student of languages. His residence abroad and his research at home made him familiar not only with several different tongues, but with the folklore as well as the classic of these tongues. His earliest and perhaps his best legendary writing is from European sources. *Hiawatha* seems to have been a kind of obligation laid by the poet upon himself because of his own Americanism. It is rhythmical and pleasant, but essentially juvenile compared to the scope and fineness of his best creations.

It has, however, entered into the classic juvenile literature, and made a permanent place for itself; and it is a part of one's literary education to study it.

It was first published in 1855. In 1849 an Indian chief of the Ojibwa tribe lectured in Boston. The next year the chief visited the city again, and was a guest in Longfellow's home. From him the poet gathered something of the material and the inspiration that led to the creation of *Hiawatha*. From Schoolcraft's *Algonic Researches* the main body of the legend was derived. This book of Schoolcraft's embraces the legends of most of the North-American Indian tribes east of the Mississippi.

The scene of *Hiawatha* lies in the region about Lake Superior—"the shining Big-Sea-Water" of the story. The Ojibwa Indians, now known as the Chippewas, are the tribe represented; although the poet makes use of

nearly all of the more important tribes in the eastern and northern portions of the United States.

As to literary qualities, the first merit of the poem lies in the smooth metre that is peculiarly adapted to the subject-matter. There are very few breaks in the regularity of the measure, and it ripples off the tongue like the legendary chants of the primitive peoples.

The coloring in the poem is vivid and natural. It is a nature story with nature's own mixing of tints and hues.

The legend itself is a typical one, such as all nations weave for themselves in the days that lie between their savage wildness and their recorded civilization. The story is of the hero, who is *heaven-born*, and who out of his own strength conquers not alone his own enemies, but also the common enemies of his people. So he becomes a public benefactor. His wisdom is richer than the wisdom of the tribe; his strength is more than its strength; and his sympathy and unselfish doing lift it to a higher plane. There is also the essentially tragic side, as there is to all legend. For the hero passes away, to become a god, a saint, or a reincarnation of general usefulness; but the loss of him is always tragical.

In the case of *Hiawatha* the tragedy is doubly pathetic. Coupled with the invasion of the white man is the knowing that he *ought* to come. And in that *ought* lies the impossibility of recovery from the tragic blow. The reader's sympathy is always with such a defeated hero, not because of defeat, which is temporary, but because his defeat is just, which is eternal.

# HIAWATHA.

---

## INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?

Whence these legends and traditions,

With the odors of the forest,

With the dew and damp of meadows,

With the curling smoke of wigwams,

5

With the rushing of great rivers,

With their frequent repetitions,

And their wild reverberations,

As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,

10

“From the forests and the prairies,

From the great lakes of the Northland,

From the land of the Ojibways,

From the land of the Dacotahs,

From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,

15

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

Feeds among the reeds and rushes,

I repeat them as I heard them

From the lips of Nawadaha,

The musician, the sweet singer.”

20

Should you ask where Nawadaha

Found these songs, so wild and wayward,

Found these legends and traditions,

I should answer, I should tell you,

“In the bird’s-nests of the forest,

25

In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyry of the eagle!

“All the wild-fowl sang them to him,  
In the moorlands and the fen-lands, 30  
In the melancholy marshes;  
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,  
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Wawa,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!” 35

If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, “Who was Nawadaha?  
Tell us of this Nawadaha,”  
I should answer your inquiries  
Straightway in such words as follow. 40

“In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley,  
By the pleasant water-courses,  
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha. 45  
Round about the Indian village  
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,  
And beyond them stood the forests,  
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,  
Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
Ever sighing, ever singing. 50

“And the pleasant water-courses,  
You could trace them through the valley,  
By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
By the alders in the Summer,  
By the white fog in the Autumn, 55  
By the black line in the Winter;

And beside them dwelt the singer,  
In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley.

“There he sang of Hiawatha, 60  
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,  
Sang his wondrous birth and being,  
How he prayed and how he fasted,  
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,  
That the tribes of men might prosper, 65  
That he might advance his people!”

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches, 70  
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,  
And the rushing of great rivers  
Through their palisades of pine-trees,  
And the thunder in the mountains,  
Whose innumerable echoes 75  
Flap like eagles in their eyries; —  
Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people, 80  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken; — 85  
Listen to this Indian Legend,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe, that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
And are lifted up and strengthened; —  
Listen to this simple story,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

90

95

100

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles  
Through the green lanes of the country,  
Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
For a while to muse, and ponder  
On a half-effaced inscription,  
Written with little skill of song-craft,  
Homely phrases, but each letter  
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter; —  
Stay and read this rude inscription,  
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

110

115

120

## THE PEACE-PIPE.

## I.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
He the Master of Life, descending,  
On the red crags of the quarry  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.

5

From his footprints flowed a river,  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
O'er the precipice plunging downward  
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.  
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,  
With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it,  
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

10

15

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Moulded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;  
From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
With its dark green leaves upon it;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
With the bark of the red willow;  
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,  
Made its great boughs chafe together,  
Till in flame they burst and kindled;

20

25

And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe, 30  
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,  
Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapor, 35  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven, 40  
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
From the Valley of Wyoming,  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
From the far-off Rocky Mountains, 45  
From the Northern lakes and rivers,  
All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.  
And the Prophets of the nations 50  
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!  
By this signal from afar off,  
Bending like a wand of willow,  
Waving like a hand that beckons,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty, 55  
Calls the tribes of men together,  
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,

Came the warriors of the nations,  
Came the Delawares and Mohawks, 60  
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,  
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,  
Came the Pawnees and Omawhaws,  
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,  
Came the Hurons and Ojibways, 65  
All the warriors drawn together  
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
To the Mountains of the Prairie,  
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow, 70  
With their weapons and their war-gear,  
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Wildly glaring at each other;  
In their faces stern defiance, 75  
In their hearts the feuds of ages,  
The hereditary hatred,  
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The creator of the nations, 80  
Looked upon them with compassion,  
With paternal love and pity;  
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling  
But as quarrels among children,  
But as feuds and fights of children! 85

Over them he stretched his right hand,  
To subdue their stubborn natures,  
To allay their thirst and fever,  
By the shadow of his right hand;

Spake to them with voice majestic  
As the sound of far-off waters,  
Falling into deep abysses,  
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise: —

90

“O my children! my poor children!  
Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of Life, who made you!

95

“I have given you lands to hunt in,  
I have given you streams to fish in,  
I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,  
Filled the rivers full of fishes;  
Why then are you not contented?  
Why then will you hunt each other?

100

“I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.

105

110

115

“I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,  
Who shall toil and suffer with you.  
If you listen to his counsels,

120

You will multiply and prosper ;  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish !

“ Bathe now in the stream before you,  
Wash the war-paint from your faces, 125  
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,  
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,  
Break the red stone from this quarry,  
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,  
Take the reeds that grow beside you, 130  
Deck them with your brightest feathers,  
Smoke the calumet together,  
And as brothers live henceforward ! ”

Then upon the ground the warriors  
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin, 135  
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,  
Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their faces.  
Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the footprints 140  
Of the Master of Life descending ;  
Dark below them flowed the water,  
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,  
As if blood were mingled with it !

From the river came the warriors, 145  
Clean and washed from all their war-paint ;  
On the banks their clubs they buried,  
Buried all their warlike weapons.  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the creator, 150  
Smiled upon his helpless children !

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry,  
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,  
Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest feathers,  
And departed each one homeward,  
While the Master of Life, ascending,  
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,  
Through the doorways of the heaven,  
Vanished from before their faces,  
In the smoke that rolled around him,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

155

160

## THE FOUR WINDS.

## II.

“HONOR be to Mudjekeewis!”

Cried the warriors, cried the old men,  
When he came in triumph homeward  
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,  
From the regions of the North-Wind, 5  
From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum  
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,  
From the Great Bear of the mountains, 10  
From the terror of the nations,  
As he lay asleep and cumbrous  
On the summit of the mountains,  
Like a rock with mosses on it,  
Spotted brown and gray with mosses. 15

Silently he stole upon him,  
Till the red nails of the monster  
Almost touched him, almost scared him.  
Till the hot breath of his nostrils  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis, 20  
As he drew the Belt of Wampum  
Over the round ears, that heard not,  
Over the small eyes, that saw not,  
Over the long nose and nostrils,  
The black muffle of the nostrils, 25  
Out of which the heavy breathing  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,  
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,  
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa  
In the middle of the forehead,  
Right between the eyes he smote him.

30

With the heavy blow bewildered,  
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;  
But his knees beneath him trembled,  
And he whimpered like a woman,  
As he reeled and staggered forward,  
As he sat upon his haunches;  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Standing fearlessly before him,  
Taunted him in loud derision,  
Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

35

40

“Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,  
And no Brave, as you pretended;  
Else you would not cry and whimper  
Like a miserable woman!  
Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,  
Long have been at war together;  
Now you find that we are strongest,  
You go sneaking in the forest,  
You go hiding in the mountains!  
Had you conquered me in battle  
Not a groan would I have uttered;  
But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,  
And disgrace your tribe by crying,  
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,  
Like a cowardly old woman!”

45

50

55

Then again he raised his war-club,

Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa  
In the middle of his forehead, 60  
Broke his skull, as ice is broken  
When one goes to fish in Winter.  
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,  
He the Great Bear of the mountains,  
He the terror of the nations. 65

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!”  
With a shout exclaimed the people;  
“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!  
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,  
And hereafter and for ever 70  
Shall he hold supreme dominion  
Over all the winds of heaven.  
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,  
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!”

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen 75  
Father of the Winds of Heaven.  
For himself he kept the West-Wind,  
Gave the others to his children;  
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,  
Gave the South to Shawondasee, 80  
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,  
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun;  
He it was who brought the morning,  
He it was whose silver arrows 85  
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;  
He it was whose cheeks were painted  
With the brightest streaks of crimson,  
And whose voice awoke the village,

Called the deer, and called the hunter.

90

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;  
Though the birds sang gayly to him,  
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow  
Filled the air with odors for him,  
Though the forests and the rivers  
Sang and shouted at his coming,  
Still his heart was sad within him,  
For he was alone in heaven.

95

But one morning, gazing earthward,  
While the village still was sleeping,  
And the fog lay on the river,  
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,  
He beheld a maiden walking  
All alone upon a meadow,  
Gathering water-flags and rushes  
By a river in the meadow.

100

105

Every morning, gazing earthward,  
Still the first thing he beheld there  
Was her blue eyes looking at him,  
Two blue lakes among the rushes.  
And he loved the lonely maiden,  
Who thus waited for his coming;  
For they both were solitary,  
She on earth and he in heaven.

110

And he wooed her with caresses,  
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,  
With his flattering words he wooed her,  
With his sighing and his singing,  
Gentlest whispers in the branches,  
Softest music, sweetest odors,

115

120

Till he drew her to his bosom,  
Folded in his robes of crimson,  
Till into a star he changed her,  
Trembling still upon his bosom;  
And forever in the heavens 125  
They are seen together walking,  
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka  
Had his dwelling among icebergs, 130  
In the everlasting snow-drifts,  
In the kingdom of Wabasso,  
In the land of the White Rabbit.  
He it was whose hand in Autumn  
Painted all the trees with scarlet, 135  
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;  
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,  
Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,  
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward, 140  
Drove the cormorant and curlew  
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang  
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka  
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts, 145  
From his lodge among the icebergs,  
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,  
Streamed behind him like a river,  
Like a black and wintry river,  
As he howled and hurried southward, 150  
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes  
Found he Shingebis, the diver,  
Trailing strings of fish behind him,  
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands, 155  
Lingering still among the moorlands,  
Though his tribe had long departed  
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,  
"Who is this that dares to brave me? 160  
Dares to stay in my dominions,  
When the Wawa has departed,  
When the wild-goose has gone southward,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Long ago departed southward? 165  
I will go into his wigwam,  
I will put his smouldering fire out!"

And at night Kabibonokka  
To the lodge came wild and wailing,  
Heaped the snow in drifts about it, 170  
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,  
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,  
Flapped the curtain of the doorway.  
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,  
Shingebis, the diver, cared not; 175  
Four great logs had he for fire-wood,  
One for each moon of the winter,  
And for food the fishes served him.  
By his blazing fire he sat there,  
Warm and merry, eating, laughing, 180  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Then Kabibonokka entered,  
And though Shingebis, the diver,  
Felt his presence by the coldness, 185  
Felt his icy breath upon him,  
Still he did not cease his singing,  
Still he did not leave his laughing,  
Only turned the log a little,  
Only made the fire burn brighter, 190  
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,  
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,  
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,  
Making dints upon the ashes, 195  
As along the eaves of lodges,  
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,  
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,  
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated, 200  
Could not bear the heat and laughter,  
Could not bear the merry singing,  
But rushed headlong through the doorway,  
Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,  
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers, 205  
Made the snow upon them harder,  
Made the ice upon them thicker,  
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,  
To come forth and wrestle with him,  
To come forth and wrestle naked 210  
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,  
Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands  
With the fierce Kabibonokka,  
Till his panting breath grew fainter,  
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,  
Till he reeled and staggered backward,  
And retreated, baffled, beaten,  
To the kingdom of Wabasso,  
To the land of the White Rabbit,  
Hearing still the gusty laughter,  
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,  
Had his dwelling far to southward,  
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,  
In the never-ending Summer.  
He it was who sent the wood-birds,  
Sent the Opechee, the robin,  
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,  
Sent the wild-geese, Wawa, northward,  
Sent the melons and tobacco,  
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending  
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,  
Filled the air with dreamy softness,  
Gave a twinkle to the water,  
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,  
Brought the tender Indian Summer  
To the melancholy North-land,  
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee ! 245  
In his life he had one shadow,  
In his heart one sorrow had he.  
Once, as he was gazing northward,  
Far away upon a prairie  
He beheld a maiden standing, 250  
Saw a tall and slender maiden  
All alone upon a prairie ;  
Brightest green were all her garments,  
And her hair was like the sunshine.  
Day by day he gazed upon her, 255  
Day by day he sighed with passion,  
Day by day his heart within him  
Grew more hot with love and longing  
For the maid with yellow tresses.  
But he was too fat and lazy 260  
To bestir himself and woo her ;  
Yes, too indolent and easy  
To pursue her and persuade her.  
So he only gazed upon her,  
Only sat and sighed with passion 265  
For the maiden of the prairie.  
Till one morning, looking northward,  
He beheld her yellow tresses  
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,  
Covered as with whitest snow-flakes. 270  
"Ah, my brother from the North-land,  
From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White Rabbit !  
You have stolen the maiden from me,  
You have laid your hand upon her, 275

You have wooed and won my maiden,  
With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee  
Breathed into the air his sorrow;  
And the South-Wind o'er the prairie 280  
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,  
With the sighs of Shawondasee,  
Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,  
Full of thistle-down the prairie,  
And the maid with hair like sunshine 285  
Vanished from his sight for ever;  
Never more did Shawondasee  
See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!  
'T was no woman that you gazed at, 290  
'T was no maiden that you sighed for,  
'T was the prairie dandelion  
That through all the dreamy Summer  
You had gazed at with such longing,  
You had sighed for with such passion, 295  
And had puffed away for ever,  
Blown into the air with sighing.  
Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;  
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis 300  
Had their stations in the heavens,  
At the corners of the heavens;  
For himself the West-Wind only  
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

## HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

## III.

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,  
In the days that are forgotten,  
In the unremembered ages,  
From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
Fell the beautiful Nokomis, 5  
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,  
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,  
When her rival, the rejected,  
Full of jealousy and hatred, 10  
Cut the leafy swing asunder,  
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,  
And Nokomis fell affrighted  
Downward through the evening twilight,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow, 15  
On the prairie full of blossoms.  
"See! a star falls!" said the people;  
"From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,  
There among the prairie lilies, 20  
On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
In the moonlight and the starlight,  
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.  
And she called her name Wenonah,  
As the first-born of her daughters. 25  
And the daughter of Nokomis  
Grew up like the prairie lilies,

Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
With the beauty of the moonlight,  
With the beauty of the starlight. 30

And Nokomis warned her often,  
Saying oft, and oft repeating,  
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis,  
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;  
Listen not to what he tells you; 35  
Lie not down upon the meadow,  
Stoop not down among the lilies,  
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"

But she heeded not the warning,  
Heeded not those words of wisdom, 40  
And the West-Wind came at evening,  
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,  
Bending low the flowers and grasses,  
Found the beautiful Wenonah, 45  
Lying there among the lilies,  
Woodyed her with his words of sweetness,  
Woodyed her with his soft caresses,  
Till she bore a son in sorrow,  
Bore a son of love and sorrow. 50

Thus was born my Hiawatha,  
Thus was born the child of wonder;  
But the daughter of Nokomis,  
Hiawatha's gentle mother,  
In her anguish died deserted 55  
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,  
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly

Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;  
"O that I were dead!" she murmured, 60  
"O that I were dead, as thou art!  
No more work, and no more weeping,  
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water, 65  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
Rose the firs with cones upon them; 70  
Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the clear and sunny water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha, 75  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;  
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!" 80  
Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!  
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?  
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?  
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!" 85

Many things Nokomis taught him  
Of the stars that shine in heaven;  
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;

Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits, 90  
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,  
Flaring far away to northward  
In the frosty nights of Winter ;  
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,  
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows, 95  
Running straight across the heavens,  
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha ;  
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees, 100  
Heard the lapping of the water,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;  
“Minne-wawa !” said the pine-trees,  
“Mudway-aushka !” said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee, 105  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught him : 110  
“Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me, 115  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !”

Saw the moon rise from the water  
Rippling, rounding from the water,  
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis ?” 120

And the good Nokomis answered:

"Once a warrior, very angry,  
Seized his grandmother, and threw her  
Up into the sky at midnight;  
Right against the moon he threw her;  
'T is her body that you see there."

125

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,  
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:

130

"'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;  
All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above us."

135

When he heard the owls at midnight,  
Hooting, laughing in the forest,

"What is that?" he cried in terror;

"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:

140

"That is but the owl and owlet,  
Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha

Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How they built their nests in Summer,  
Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

145

150

Of all beasts he learned the language,

Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly, 155  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,  
Hè the marvellous story-teller, 160  
He the traveller and the talker,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Made a bow for Hiawatha;  
From a branch of ash he made it,  
From an oak-bough made the arrows, 165  
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,  
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:  
"Go, my son, into the forest,  
Where the red deer herd together, 170  
Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway  
All alone walked Hiawatha  
Proudly, with his bow and arrows; 175  
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,  
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"  
Sang the Opechee, the robin,  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" 180

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,  
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,

In and out among the branches,  
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,  
Laughed, and said between his laughing, 185  
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway  
Leaped aside, and at a distance  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Half in fear and half in frolic, 190  
Saying to the little hunter,  
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,  
For his thoughts were with the red deer;  
On their tracks his eyes were fastened, 195  
Leading downward to the river,  
To the ford across the river,  
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
There he waited till the deer came, 200  
Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
And a deer came down the pathway,  
Flecked with leafy light and shadow. 205  
And his heart within him fluttered,  
Trembled like the leaves above him,  
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising, 210  
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;  
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,  
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,

But the wary roebuck started,  
Stamped with all his hoofs together, 215  
Listened with one foot uplifted,  
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;  
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,  
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest, 220  
By the ford across the river;  
Beat his timid heart no longer,  
But the heart of Hiawatha  
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,  
As he bore the red deer homeward, 225  
And Iagoo and Nokomis  
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis  
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis 230  
Made a banquet in his honor.  
All the village came and feasted,  
All the guests praised Hiawatha,  
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!  
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee! 235

## HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

## IV.

Out of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pastimes, 5  
In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot an arrow from him,  
And run forward with such fleetness  
That the arrow fell behind him! 10  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot ten arrows upward,  
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,  
That the tenth had left the bow-string  
Ere the first to earth had fallen! 15

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;  
When upon his hands he wore them,  
He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder. 20  
He had moccasons enchanted,  
Magic moccasons of deer-skin;  
When he bound them round his ankles,  
When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he measured! 25

Much he questioned old Nokomis  
Of his father Mudjekeewis;

Learned from her the fatal secret  
Of the beauty of his mother,  
Of the falsehood of his father ;  
And his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

30

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
“ I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
See how fares it with my father,  
At the doorways of the West-Wind,  
At the portals of the Sunset ! ”

35

From his lodge went Hiawatha,  
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting ;  
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,  
Richly wrought with quills and wampum ;  
On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of wampum,  
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer ;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers ;  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasons enchanted.  
Warning said the old Nokomis,  
“ Go not forth, O Hiawatha !

40

45

50

To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
Lest he harm you with his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his cunning ! ”

55

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning ;  
Forth he strode into the forest,

At each stride a mile he measured ;  
Lurid seemed the sky above him, 60  
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
Hot and close the air around him,  
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,  
As of burning woods and prairies,  
For his heart was hot within him, 65  
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,  
Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
Left the antelope and bison ;  
Crossed the rushing Esconawbaw, 70  
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,  
Came unto the Rocky Mountains, 75  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
Where upon the gusty summits  
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha 80  
At the aspect of his father.  
On the air about him wildly  
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,  
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet, 85  
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
When he looked on Hiawatha,  
Saw his youth rise up before him

In the face of Hiawatha, 90  
Saw the beauty of Wenonah  
From the grave rise up before him.

“Welcome!” said he, “Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!  
Long have I been waiting for you! 95  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;  
You bring back the days departed,  
You bring back my youth of passion,  
And the beautiful Wenonah!” 100

Many days they talked together,  
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;  
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
Of his perilous adventures, 105  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father’s boasting;  
With a smile he sat and listened, 110  
Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
Neither word nor look betrayed him,  
But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, “O Mudjekeewis, 115  
Is there nothing that can harm you?  
Nothing that you are afraid of?”  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
Answered, saying, “There is nothing, 120

Nothing but the black rock yonder,  
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek!"

And he looked at Hiawatha  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal, 125  
Looked with pride upon the beauty  
Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!  
Is there anything can harm you?  
Anything you are afraid of?" 130

But the wary Hiawatha  
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,  
Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the bulrush yonder, 135  
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,  
Hiawatha cried in terror,  
Cried in well-dissembled terror, 140  
"Kago! kago! do not touch it!"  
"Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,  
"No indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters;  
First of Hiawatha's brothers, 145  
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
Of the North, Kabibonokka;  
Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
Of the beautiful Wenonah, 150  
Of her birth upon the meadow,

Of her death, as old Nokomis  
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her beauty,  
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;  
You confess it! you confess it!"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Tossed his gray hairs to the West-Wind,  
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and gesture  
Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into fragments,  
Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind  
Blew the fragments backward from him,  
With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Blew them back at his assailant;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
Dragged it with its roots and fibres  
From the margin of the meadow,

155

160

165

170

175

180

From its ooze, the giant bulrush;  
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!

Then began the deadly conflict, 185  
Hand to hand among the mountains;  
From his eyry screamed the eagle,  
The Keneu, the great War-Eagle;  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above them. 190

Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;  
Till the earth shook with the tumult 195  
And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!"

Back retreated Mudjekeewis, 200  
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,  
Stumbling westward down the mountains,  
Three whole days retreated fighting,  
Still pursued by Hiawatha  
To the doorways of the West-Wind, 205  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the open spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall, 210  
In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,  
"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!

'T is impossible to kill me,  
For you cannot kill the immortal. 215  
I have put you to this trial  
But to know and prove your courage;  
Now receive the prize of valor!

“Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them, 220  
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,  
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,  
Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the giants, the Wendigoes,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks, 225  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

“And at last when Death draws near you,  
When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness, 230  
I will share my kingdom with you,  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.” 235

Thus was fought that famous battle  
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,  
In the days long since departed,  
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley; 240  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha ; 245  
Pleasant was the landscape round him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of vengeance, 250  
From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker, 255  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker 260  
Made his arrow-heads of sand-stone,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,  
Hard and polished, keen and costly. 265

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,  
Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sunshine,  
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,  
Feet as rapid as the river, 270  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter ; -  
And he named her from the river,  
From the water-fall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water. 275

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dacotahs?

280

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,  
As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches?

285

Who shall say what thoughts and visions  
Fill the fiery brains of young men?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha?

290

All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water!

295

## HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

## V.

You shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest, .  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumphs in the battle, 5  
And renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest, 10  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,  
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,  
And, with dreams and visions many,  
Seven whole days and nights he fasted. 15

On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wandered;  
Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming, 20  
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,  
Building nests among the pine-trees, 25  
And in flocks the wild-goose, Wawa,  
Flying to the fen-lands northward,  
Whirring, wailing far above him.

“Master of Life!” he cried, desponding,  
“Must our lives depend on these things?”

On the next day of his fasting  
By the river’s brink he wandered,  
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,  
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
And the strawberry, Odahmin,  
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,  
Trailing o’er the alder-branches,  
Filling all the air with fragrance!

“Master of Life!” he cried, desponding,  
“Must our lives depend on these things?”

On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,  
By the still, transparent water;  
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,  
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,  
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
And the herring, Okahahwis,  
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!

“Master of Life!” he cried, desponding,  
“Must our lives depend on these things?”

On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted;  
From his couch of leaves and branches  
Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,

On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
On the gleaming of the water, 60  
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,  
Dressed in garments green and yellow,  
Coming through the purple twilight,  
Through the splendor of the sunset; 65  
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,  
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
Looked with pity and compassion 70  
On his wasted form and features,  
And, in accents like the sighing  
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!  
All your prayers are heard in heaven, 75  
For you pray not like the others,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle,  
Nor renown among the warriors, 80  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,  
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct you, 85  
How by struggle and by labor  
You shall gain what you have prayed for.  
Rise up from your bed of branches,  
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha  
Started from his bed of branches,  
From the twilight of his wigwam  
Forth into the flush of sunset  
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;  
At his touch he felt new courage  
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
Felt new life and hope and vigor  
Run through every nerve and fibre.

90

95

So they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset,  
And the more they strove and struggled,  
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

100

105

"'T is enough!" then said Mondamin,  
Smiling upon Hiawatha,  
"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,  
I will come again to try you."

110

And he vanished, and was seen not;  
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
Whether rising as the mists rise,  
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
Only saw that he had vanished,  
Leaving him alone and fainting,  
With the misty lake below him,  
And the reeling stars above him.

115

On the morrow and the next day,

120

When the sun through heaven descending,  
Like a red and burning cinder  
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,  
Fell into the western waters,  
Came Mondamin for the trial, 125  
For the strife with Hiawatha;  
Came as silent as the dew comes,  
From the empty air appearing,  
Into empty air returning,  
Taking shape when earth it touches, 130  
But invisible to all men  
In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset,  
Till the darkness fell around them, 135  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
And Mondamin paused to listen.  
Tall and beautiful he stood there, 140  
In his garments green and yellow;  
To and fro his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breathing,  
And the sweat of the encounter  
Stood like drops of dew upon him. 145

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!  
Bravely have you wrestled with me,  
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,  
And the Master of Life, who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph!" 150

Then he smiled, and said: "To-morrow

Is the last day of your conflict,  
Is the last day of your fasting.  
You will conquer and o'ercome me ;  
Make a bed for me to lie in, 155  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me ;  
Strip these garments, green and yellow,  
Strip this nodding plumage from me,  
Lay me in the earth, and make it 160  
Soft and loose and light above me.

“Let no hand disturb my slumber,  
Let no weed nor worm molest me, ~  
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
Come to haunt me and molest me, 165  
Only come yourself to watch me,  
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine.”

And thus saying, he departed ;  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha, 170  
But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,  
Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;  
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,  
Heard the rivulet rippling near him, 175  
Talking to the darksome forest ;  
Heard the sighing of the branches,  
As they lifted and subsided  
At the passing of the night-wind,  
Heard them, as one hears in slumber 180  
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers :  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,  
 On the seventh day of his fasting,  
 Came with food for Hiawatha, 185  
 Came imploring and bewailing,  
 Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,  
 Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,  
 Only said to her, "Nokomis, 190  
 Wait until the sun is setting,  
 Till the darkness falls around us,  
 Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 Crying from the desolate marshes,  
 Tells us that the day is ended." 195

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,  
 Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,  
 Fearing lest his strength should fail him,  
 Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
 He meanwhile sat weary waiting 200  
 For the coming of Mondamin,  
 Till the shadows, pointing eastward,  
 Lengthened over field and forest,  
 Till the sun dropped from the heaven,  
 Floating on the waters westward, 205  
 As a red leaf in the Autumn  
 Falls and floats upon the water,  
 Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin, 210  
 With his soft and shining tresses,  
 With his garments green and yellow,  
 With his long and glossy plumage,  
 Stood and beckoned at the doorway.

And as one in slumber walking,  
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,  
From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Came and wrestled with Mondamin. 215

Round about him spun the landscape,  
Sky and forest reeled together,  
And his strong heart leaped within him, 220  
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles  
In a net to break its meshes.  
Like a ring of fire around him  
Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
And a hundred suns seemed looking 225  
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward  
All alone stood Hiawatha,  
Panting with his wild exertion,  
Palpitating with the struggle; 230  
And before him, breathless, lifeless,  
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,  
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,  
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha 235  
Made the grave as he commanded,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,  
Laid him in the earth, and made it  
Soft and loose and light above him; 240  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From the melancholy moorlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha 245  
To the lodge of old Nokomis,  
And the seven days of his fasting  
Were accomplished and completed.  
But the place was not forgotten  
Where he wrestled with Mondamin; 250  
Nor forgotten nor neglected  
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,  
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
Where his scattered plumes and garments  
Faded in the rain and sunshine. 255

Day by day did Hiawatha  
Go to wait and watch beside it;  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,  
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings, 260  
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather  
From the earth shot slowly upward,  
Then another and another,  
And before the Summer ended 265  
Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
With its shining robes about it,  
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;  
And in rapture Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin! 270  
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
Showed them where the maize was growing,  
Told them of his wondrous vision, 275

Of his wrestling and his triumph,  
Of this new gift to the nations,  
Which should be their food for ever.

And still later, when the Autumn  
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow, 280  
And the soft and juicy kernels  
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,  
Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
Stripped the withered husks from off them,  
As he once had stripped the wrestler, 285  
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
And made known unto the people  
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

## HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

## VI.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,  
Singled out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right hand  
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ; 5  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,  
Never grew the grass upon it ;  
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods, 10  
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
Found no eager ear to listen,  
Could not breed ill-will between them,  
For they kept each other's counsel,  
Spake with naked hearts together, 15  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians, 20  
He the sweetest of all singers.  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers. 25

When he sang, the village listened ;  
All the warriors gathered round him,

All the women came to hear him;  
Now he stirred their souls to passion,  
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
Flutes so musical and mellow,  
That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,  
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach my waves to flow in music,  
Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the Opechee, the robin,  
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as melancholy,  
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;  
All the hearts of men were softened

By the pathos of his music;  
 For he sang of peace and freedom, 60  
 Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
 Sang of death, and life undying  
 In the Islands of the Blessed,  
 In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 In the land of the Hereafter. 65

Very dear to Hiawatha  
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
 He the best of all musicians,  
 He the sweetest of all singers:  
 For his gentleness he loved him, 70  
 And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
 Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
 He the strongest of all mortals,  
 He the mightiest among many; 75  
 For his very strength he loved him,  
 For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
 Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
 Never played with other children, 80  
 Never fished and never hunted,  
 Not like other children was he;  
 But they saw that much he fasted,  
 Much his Manito entreated,  
 Much besought his Guardian Spirit. 85

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,  
 "In my work you never help me!  
 In the Summer you are roaming  
 Idly in the fields and forests;

In the Winter you are cowering  
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!  
In the coldest days of Winter  
I must break the ice for fishing;  
With my nets you never help me!  
At the door my nets are hanging,  
Dripping, freezing with the water;  
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!  
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind  
Rose, but made no angry answer;  
From the lodge went forth in silence,  
Took the nets, that hung together,  
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,  
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,  
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
Could not wring them without breaking,  
Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,  
"In the hunt you never helped me;  
Every bow you touch is broken,  
Snapped asunder every arrow;  
Yet come with me to the forest,  
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,  
Where a brooklet led them onward,  
Where the trail of deer and bison  
Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them, barred securely  
By the trunks of trees uprooted,

Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.

“We must go back,” said the old man,  
“O’er these logs we cannot clamber;  
Not a woodchuck could get through them, 125  
Not a squirrel clamber o’er them!”

And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo! the path was cleared before him; 130  
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
To the right hand, to the left hand,  
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said the young men, 135  
As they sported in the meadow;  
“Why stand idly looking at us,  
Leaning on the rock behind you?  
Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together!” 140

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To their challenge made no answer,  
Only rose, and, slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation, 145  
Poised it in the air a moment,  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river, 150  
Down the rapids of Pauwating,

Kwasind sailed with his companions,  
In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,  
Struggling with the rushing currents, 155  
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,  
Kwasind leaped into the river,  
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,  
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver, 160  
Followed him among the islands,  
Stayed so long beneath the water,  
That his terrified companions  
Cried, "Alas! good-bye to Kwasind!  
We shall never more see Kwasind!" 165  
But he reappeared triumphant,  
And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,  
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you, 170  
Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
Long they lived in peace together,  
Spake with naked hearts together, 175  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

## HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

## VII.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily!

5

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the Summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

10

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

15

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

20

25

With his knife the tree he girdled;

Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

30

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

35

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

40

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a framework,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together.

45

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!”

50

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

55

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree, 60  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together 65  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles, 70  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha!”

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure, 75  
Made each crevice safe from water.

“Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty, 80  
And two stars to deck her bosom!”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur, 85  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
“Take my quills, O Hiawatha!”

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,

Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
With the juice of roots and berries;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

90

95

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

100

105

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
And his wishes served to guide him;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

110

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Saying, "Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

115

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,

120

To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,  
With his feet the ooze and tangle. 125

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,  
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind, 130  
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,  
In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its channel, 135  
Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the mountains,  
To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw. 140

## HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

## VIII.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,  
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
With his fishing-line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,  
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,  
In his birch-canoe exulting  
All alone went Hiawatha.

5

Through the clear, transparent water  
He could see the fishes swimming  
Far down in the depths below him;  
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,  
Like a spider on the bottom,  
On the white and sandy bottom.

10

15

At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
With his fishing-line of cedar;  
In his plumes the breeze of morning  
Played as in the hemlock branches;  
On the bows, with tail erected,  
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses.

20

On the white sand of the bottom  
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,  
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;

25

Through his gills he breathed the water,  
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,  
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

30

There he lay in all his armor;  
On each side a shield to guard him,  
Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
Down his sides and back and shoulders  
Plates of bone with spines projecting!  
Painted was he with his war paints,  
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,  
Spots of brown and spots of sable;  
And he lay there on the bottom,  
Fanning with his fins of purple,  
As above him Hiawatha  
In his birch-canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing-line of cedar.

35

40

"Take my bait!" cried Hiawatha,  
Down into the depths beneath him,  
"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!  
Come up from below the water,  
Let us see which is the stronger!"  
And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent water,  
Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer,  
And repeating loud and louder,  
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"

45

50

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water,  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamor,

55

His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he wearied of the shouting; 60  
And he said to the Kenozha,  
To the pike, the Maskenozha,  
“Take the bait of this rude fellow,  
Break the line of Hiawatha!”

In his fingers Hiawatha 65  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch-canoe stood endwise,  
Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, 70  
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Coming nearer, nearer to him, 75  
And he shouted through the water,  
“Esa! esa! Shame upon you!  
You are but the pike, Kenozha,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes!” 80

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
“Take the bait of this great boaster, 85  
Break the line of Hiawatha!”

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming  
Like a white moon in the water,  
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,

Seized the line of Hiawatha,  
 Swung with all his weight upon it,  
 Made a whirlpool in the water,  
 Whirled the birch-canoe in circles,  
 Round and round in gurgling eddies,  
 Till the circles in the water  
 Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
 Till the water-flags and rushes  
 Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
 Slowly rising through the water,  
 Lifting his great disc of whiteness,  
 Loud he shouted in derision,  
 "Esa! esa! Shame upon you!  
 You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
 You are not the fish I wanted,  
 You are not the King of Fishes!"

Wavering downward, white and ghastly,  
 Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
 And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
 Heard the shout of Hiawatha,  
 Heard his challenge of defiance,  
 The unnecessary tumult,  
 Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom  
 Up he rose with angry gesture,  
 Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
 Clashing all his plates of armor,  
 Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;  
 In his wrath he darted upward,  
 Flashing leaped into the sunshine,

Opened his great jaws, and swallowed  
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,  
Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,  
Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered through it,  
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion,  
Forth he might be hurled and perish.  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gayly,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
"O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me;  
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,  
And the name which now he gives you;

For hereafter and for ever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma, 155  
Gasped and quivered in the water,  
Then was still, and drifted landward  
Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the margin, 160  
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,  
As of many wings assembling, 165  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,  
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls, 170  
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
Gazing at him through the opening,  
Heard them saying to each other,  
"'T is our brother, Hiawatha!"

And he shouted from below them, 175  
Cried exulting from the caverns:  
"O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!  
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings widen, 180  
Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and for ever

Men shall speak of your achievements,  
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!" 185

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls  
Toiled with beak and claws together,  
Made the rifts and openings wider  
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,  
And from peril and from prison, 190  
From the body of the sturgeon,  
From the peril of the water,  
Was released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,  
On the margin of the water, 195  
And he called to old Nokomis,  
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,  
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,  
With the sea-gulls feeding on him. 200

"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
Slain the King of Fishes!" said he;  
"Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,  
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls;  
Drive them not away, Nokomis, 205  
They have saved me from great peril  
In the body of the sturgeon;  
Wait until their meal is ended,  
Till their craws are full with feasting,  
Till they homeward fly, at sunset, 210  
To their nests among the marshes;  
Then bring all your pots and kettles,  
And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sun set,  
 Till the pallid moon, the night-sun, 215  
 Rose above the tranquil water,  
 Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
 From their banquet rose with clamor,  
 And across the fiery sunset  
 Winged their way to far-off islands, 220  
 To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
 And Nokomis to her labor,  
 Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
 Till the sun and moon changed places, 225  
 Till the sky was red with sunrise,  
 And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,  
 Came back from the reedy islands,  
 Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate 230  
 Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
 Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,  
 Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
 And upon the sands lay nothing 235  
 But the skeleton of Nahma.

## HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

## IX.

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
O'er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

5

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him,  
As war-parties, when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-trail;  
And the moon, the night-sun, eastward,  
Suddenly starting from his ambush,  
Followed fast those bloody footprints,  
Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon his features.

10

15

And Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha:  
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,  
Megissogwon, the Magician,  
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch-water.  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water;

20

25

You can see the black pitch-water  
 Stretching far away beyond them,  
 To the purple clouds of sunset! 30

“He it was who slew my father,  
 By his wicked wiles and cunning,  
 When he from the moon descended,  
 When he came on earth to seek me.  
 He, the mightiest of Magicians, 35  
 Sends the fever from the marshes,  
 Sends the pestilential vapors,  
 Sends the poisonous exhalations,  
 Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,  
 Sends disease and death among us! 40

“Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
 Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
 Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,  
 And your mittens, Minjekahwun, 45  
 And your birch-canoe for sailing,  
 And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,  
 So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
 You may pass the black pitch-water;  
 Slay this merciless magician,  
 Save the people from the fever 50  
 That he breathes across the fen-lands,  
 And avenge my father’s murder!”

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
 Armed himself with all his war-gear,  
 Launched his birch-canoe for sailing; 55  
 With his palm its sides he patted,  
 Said with glee, “Cheemaun, my darling,  
 O my Birch-Canoe! leap forward,

Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch-water!"

60

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,  
And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and woful,  
And above him the war-eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

65

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water,  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,  
So that none could pass beyond them.

70

75

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:  
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey!"  
And they answered, hissing fiercely,  
With their fiery breath made answer:  
"Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!"

80

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
Shot them fast among the serpents;  
Every twanging of the bow-string  
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,

85

Every whizzing of an arrow 90  
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha  
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting: 95  
“Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!  
Onward to the black pitch-water!”

Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly 100  
He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes, 105  
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,  
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,  
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled, 110  
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,  
All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquitoes, sang their war-song, 115  
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Waved their torches to mislead him;  
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
Thrust his head into the moonlight,  
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him, 120

Sobbed and sank beneath the surface;  
And anon a thousand whistles,  
Answered over all the fen-lands,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Far off on the reedy margin, 125  
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,  
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,  
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,  
Till the level moon stared at him, 130  
In his face stared pale and haggard,  
Till the sun was hot behind him,  
Till it burned upon his shoulders,  
And before him on the upland  
He could see the Shining Wigwam 135  
Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,  
To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"  
And it stirred in all its fibres, 140  
And with one great bound of triumph  
Leaped across the water-lilies,  
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,  
And upon the beach beyond them  
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha. 145

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,  
One end on the sand he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the middle,  
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,  
Took an arrow, jasper-headed, 150  
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,

Sent it singing as a herald,  
 As a bearer of his message,  
 Of his challenge loud and lofty:  
 "Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather! 155  
 Hiawatha waits your coming!"

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam  
 Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
 Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,  
 Dark and terrible in aspect, 160  
 Clad from head to foot in wampum,  
 Armed with all his warlike weapons,  
 Painted like the sky of morning,  
 Streaked with crimson, blue and yellow,  
 Crested with great eagle-feathers, 165  
 Streaming upward, streaming outward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha!"  
 Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
 In a tone of loud derision.  
 "Hasten back, O Shaugodaya! 170  
 Hasten back among the women,  
 Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!  
 I will slay you as you stand there,  
 As of old I slew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered, 175  
 Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:  
 "Big words do not smite like war-clubs,  
 Boastful breath is not a bow-string,  
 Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
 Deeds are better things than words are, 180  
 Actions mightier than boastings!"

Then began the greatest battle

That the sun had ever looked on,  
That the war-birds ever witnessed.  
All a Summer's day it lasted, 185  
From the sunrise to the sunset;  
For the shafts of Hiawatha  
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,  
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun, 190  
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;  
It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the meshes  
Of that magic shirt of wampum.  
Till at sunset Hiawatha, 195  
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,  
Wounded, weary, and desponding,  
With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tattered,  
And three useless arrows only, 200  
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,  
From whose branches trailed the mosses,  
And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccason-leather,  
With the fungus white and yellow. 205  
Suddenly from the boughs above him  
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:  
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,  
At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it, 210  
At their roots the long black tresses,  
There alone can he be wounded!"  
Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
 Just as Megissogwon, stooping, 215  
 Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
 Full upon the crown it struck him,  
 At the roots of his long tresses,  
 And he reeled and staggered forward  
 Plunging like a wounded bison, 220  
 Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
 When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
 In the pathway of the other,  
 Piercing deeper than the other, 225  
 Wounding sorer than the other;  
 And the knees of Megissogwon  
 Shook like windy reeds beneath him,  
 Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow 230  
 Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,  
 And the mighty Megissogwon  
 Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
 Saw the eyes of death glare at him,  
 Heard his voice call in the darkness; 235  
 At the feet of Hiawatha  
 Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,  
 Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
 Called the Mama, the woodpecker, 240  
 From his perch among the branches  
 Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
 And, in honor of his service,  
 Stained with blood the tuft of feathers

On the little head of Mama ; 245  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum  
From the back of Megissogwon, 250  
As a trophy of the battle,  
As a signal of his conquest.

On the shore he left the body,  
Half on land and half in water,  
In the sand his feet were buried, 255  
And his face was in the water.

And above him, wheeled and clamored  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer. 260

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All his wealth of skins and wampum,  
Furs of bison and of beaver,  
Furs of sable and of ermine, 265  
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,  
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,  
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,  
Homeward through the black pitch-water, 270  
Homeward through the weltering serpents,  
With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos, 275

And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his song of triumph.

And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances, 280  
Made a joyous feast, and shouted:  
"Honor be to Hiawatha!

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,  
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him, who sent the fiery fever, 285  
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,  
Sent disease and death among us!"

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
Was the memory of Mama!  
And in token of his friendship, 290  
As a mark of his remembrance,  
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem  
With the crimson tuft of feathers,  
With the blood-red crest of Mama.  
But the wealth of Megissogwon, 295  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people,  
Shared it equally among them.

## HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

## X.

“As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other!”

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
“Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know not!  
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers!”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this: “Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight!”

Gravely then said old Nokomis:

"Bring not here an idle maiden,  
 Bring not here a useless woman,  
 Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;  
 Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
 Heart and hand that move together,  
 Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:

"In the land of the Dacotahs  
 Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
 Handsomest of all the women.  
 I will bring her to your wigwam,  
 She shall run upon your errands,  
 Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
 Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:

"Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
 From the land of the Dacotahs!  
 Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
 Often is there war between us,  
 There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
 Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:

"For that reason, if no other,  
 Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
 That our tribes might be united,  
 That old feuds might be forgotten,  
 And old wounds be healed for ever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha  
 To the land of the Dacotahs,  
 To the land of handsome women;

Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

60

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps;  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's thunder,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.  
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,  
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

65

70

On the outskirts of the forest,  
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha;  
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"  
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"  
Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck;  
Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
And sped forward without pausing.

75

80

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,

85

Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ; 90  
 Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
 And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
 Of the days when with such arrows  
 He had struck the deer and bison, 95  
 On the Muskoday, the meadow ;  
 Shot the wild-goose, flying southward,  
 On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;  
 Thinking of the great war-parties,  
 How they came to buy his arrows, 100  
 Could not fight without his arrows.

Ah, no more such noble warriors  
 Could be found on earth as they were !  
 Now the men were all like women,  
 Only used their tongues for weapons ! 105

She was thinking of a hunter,  
 From another tribe and country,  
 Young and tall and very handsome,  
 Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
 Came to buy her father's arrows, 110  
 Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
 Lingered long about the doorway,  
 Looking back as he departed.

She had heard her father praise him,  
 Praise his courage and his wisdom ; 115  
 Would he come again for arrows  
 To the Falls of Minnehaha ?

On the mat her hands lay idle,  
 And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep, 120

Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

125

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
“Hiawatha, you are welcome!”

130

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,  
“You are welcome, Hiawatha!”

135

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,  
With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

140

145

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before them,  
Water brought them from the brooklet,

150

Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,  
Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered, 155  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha,  
As he talked of old Nokomis, 160  
Who had nursed him in his childhood,  
As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
And of happiness and plenty 165  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways 170  
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."

Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
"That this peace may last for ever,  
And our hands be clasped more closely, 175  
And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker 180  
Paused a moment ere he answered,  
Smoked a little while in silence,

Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer very gravely: 185

“Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!”

And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,  
Neither willing nor reluctant, 190  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
“I will follow you, my husband!”

This was Hiawatha’s wooing! 195  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water; 200  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woodland and the meadow,  
Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha 205  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
“Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!”

And the ancient Arrow-maker 210  
Turned again unto his labor,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
“Thus it is our daughters leave us,

Those we love, and those who love us !  
Just when they have learned to help us, 215  
When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden, 220  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger !”

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain, 225  
Over river, hill, and hollow.  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and slackened  
To the steps of Laughing Water. 230

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden ;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear ;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her, 235  
Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-tree. 240

All the travelling winds went with them,  
O'er the meadow, through the forest ;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber ;

From his ambush in the oak-tree 245  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before them,  
Peering, peeping from his burrow, 250  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!  
All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease; 255  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love you!"  
Sang the Opechee, the robin,  
"Happy are you, Laughing Water, 260  
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the branches,  
Saying to them, "O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow, 265  
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,  
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,  
Whispered to them, "O my children, 270  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble;  
Half is mine, although I follow;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward; 275

Thus it was that Hiawatha  
 To the lodge of old Nokomis  
 Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,  
 Brought the sunshine of his people,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
 Handsomest of all the women  
 In the land of the Dacotahs,  
 In the land of handsome women.

280

## HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST.

## XI.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
How the handsome Yenadizze  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;  
How the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the sweetest of musicians,  
Sang his songs of love and longing;  
How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
Told his tales of strange adventure,  
That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gayly,  
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
Made at Hiawatha's wedding;  
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
White and polished very smoothly,  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village  
Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting;  
And the wedding guests assembled,  
Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,  
And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis; 30  
Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
And the wild rice of the river. 35

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
And the lovely Laughing Water,  
And the careful old Nokomis,  
Tasted not the food before them,  
Only waited on the others, 40  
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,  
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
From an ample pouch of otter,  
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking 45  
With tobacco from the South-land,  
Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Dance for us your merry dances, 50  
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis, 55  
He the idle Yenadizze,  
He the merry mischief-maker,  
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes, 60  
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
In the play of quoits and ball-play;  
Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
In all games of skill and hazard,  
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters, 65  
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,  
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze, 70  
Little heeded he their jesting,  
Little cared he for their insults,  
For the women and the maidens  
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,  
White and soft, and fringed with ermine, 75  
All inwrought with beads of wampum;  
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,  
And in moccasons of buckskin,  
Thick with quills and beads embroidered. 80  
On his head were plumes of swan's down,  
On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow, 85  
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,  
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,

Shining bright with oil, and plaited, 90  
Hung with braids of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis, 95  
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine-trees,  
Through the shadows and the sunshine, 100  
Treading softly like a panther.  
Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,  
Eddying round and round the wigwam, 105  
Till the leaves went whirling with him,  
Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water, 110  
On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it  
Wildly in the air around him;  
Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
Till the sand was blown and sifted 115  
Like great snow-drifts o'er the landscape,  
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,  
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them, 120

And, returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled,  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos, 125  
To the friend of Hiawatha,  
To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,  
“Sing to us, O Chibiabos!  
Songs of love and songs of longing, 130  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!”

And the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang in accents sweet and tender, 135  
Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
Songs of love and songs of longing;  
Looking still at Hiawatha,  
Looking at fair Laughing Water,  
Sang he softly, sang in this wise: 140

“Onaway! Awake, beloved!  
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!  
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

“If thou only lookest at me, 145  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon them!

“Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance 150  
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,

In the Moon when leaves are falling.

“Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine, 155  
In the Moon when nights are brightest?”

“Onaway! my heart sings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries! 160

“When thou art not pleased, beloved,  
Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the shining river darkens  
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

“When thou smilest, my beloved, 165  
Then my troubled heart is brightened,  
As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

“Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,  
Smile the cloudless skies above us, 170  
But I lose the way of smiling  
When thou art no longer near me!

“I myself, myself! behold me!  
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!  
O awake, awake, beloved! 175  
Onaway! awake, beloved!”

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and longing;  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller, 180  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,

Jealous of the applause they gave him,  
Saw in all the eyes around him,  
Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
That the wedding guests assembled  
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,  
His immeasurable falsehoods.

185

Very boastful was Iago;  
Never heard he an adventure  
But himself had met a greater;  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder;  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger.

190

195

Would you listen to his boasting,  
Would you only give him credence,  
No one ever shot an arrow  
Half so far and high as he had;  
Ever caught so many fishes,  
Ever killed so many reindeer,  
Ever trapped so many beaver!

200

None could run so fast as he could,  
None could dive so deep as he could,  
None could swim so far as he could;  
None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iago,  
As this marvellous story-teller!

205

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people;  
And whene'er a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too highly,

210

Or a warrior, home returning,  
Talked too much of his achievements, 215  
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!  
Here's Iagoo come among us!"

He it was who carved the cradle  
Of the little Hiawatha,  
Carved its framework out of linden, 220  
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews;  
He it was who taught him later  
How to make his bows and arrows,  
How to make the bows of ash-tree,  
And the arrows of the oak-tree. 225

So among the guests assembled  
At my Hiawatha's wedding  
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo, 230  
Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!" 235

And Iagoo answered straightway,  
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
You shall hear the strange adventures  
Of Osseo, the Magician,  
From the Evening Star descended." 240

## THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

## XII.

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Wounded by the magic arrow,  
Staining all the waves with crimson,  
With the crimson of its life-blood,  
Filling all the air with splendor,  
With the splendor of its plumage?

5

Yes; it is the sun descending,  
Sinking down into the water;  
All the sky is stained with purple,  
All the water flushed with crimson!  
No; it is the Red Swan floating,  
Diving down beneath the water;  
To the sky its wings are lifted,  
With its blood the waves are reddened!

10

15

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the purple,  
Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No; it is a bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit,  
As he passes through the twilight,  
Walks in silence through the heavens!

20

This with joy beheld Iago,  
And he said in haste: "Behold it!  
See the sacred Star of Evening!  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,

25

Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!

“Once, in days no more remembered, 30  
Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to us,  
And the gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daughters, 35  
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters. 40

“All these women married warriors,  
Married brave and haughty husbands;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors, 45  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with coughing,  
Always coughing like a squirrel.

“Ah, but beautiful within him 50  
Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion!  
All its fire was in his bosom, 55  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendor in his language!

“And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paint and feathers,  
Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.  
But she said: ‘I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter;  
I am happy with Osseo!’

“Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of evening  
Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands;  
Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweencee beside him;  
All the others chatted gayly,  
These two only walked in silence.

“At the western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
‘*Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa!*  
Pity, pity me, my father!’

“‘Listen!’ said the eldest sister,  
‘He is praying to his father!  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling!’

And they laughed till all the forest 90  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

“On their pathway through the woodlands  
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses, 95  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.  
And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man, 100  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

“Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty; 105  
But, alas for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful!  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.  
Changed into a weak old woman,  
With a staff she tottered onward, 110  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly!  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

“But Osseo turned not from her, 115  
Walked with slower step beside her,  
Took her hand, as brown and withered  
As an oak-leaf in the Winter,  
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,  
Soothed her with soft words of kindness, 120

Till they reached the lodge of feasting,  
Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

“Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,  
At the banquet sat Osseo;  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous but Osseo.  
Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen,  
But as one bewildered sat he,  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

“Then a voice was heard, a whisper,  
Coming from the starry distance,  
Coming from the empty vastness,  
Low, and musical, and tender;  
And the voice said: ‘O Osseo!  
O my son, my best beloved!  
Broken are the spells that bound you,  
All the charms of the magicians,  
All the magic powers of evil;  
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!

“‘Taste the food that stands before you:  
It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your kettles  
Shall be wood and clay no longer;  
But the bowls be changed to wampum,

And the kettles shall be silver;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

“‘And the women shall no longer 155  
Bear the dreary doom of labor,  
But be changed to birds, and glisten  
With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dusky splendors  
Of the skies and clouds of evening!’ 160

“What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the whippoorwill afar off, 165  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

“Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,  
And they felt it rising, rising, 170  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-tops  
Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches;  
And behold! the wooden dishes 175  
All were changed to shells of scarlet!  
And behold! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver!  
All the roof-poles of the wigwam  
Were as glittering rods of silver, 180  
And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles.

“Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Changed to birds of various plumage.  
Some were jays and some were magpies,  
Others thrushes, others blackbirds;  
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,  
Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

185

190

“Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others;  
Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak-tree in the forest.

195

200

“Then returned her youth and beauty,  
And her soiled and tattered garments  
Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather!

205

“And again the wigwam trembled,  
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,  
Through transparent cloud and vapor,  
And amid celestial splendors  
On the Evening Star alighted,  
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,  
As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle-down on water.

210

“Forth with cheerful words of welcome  
Came the father of Osseo, 215  
He with radiant locks of silver,  
He with eyes serene and tender.  
And he said: ‘My son, Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,  
Hang the cage with rods of silver, 220  
And the birds with glistening feathers,  
At the doorway of my wigwam.’

“At the door he hung the bird-cage,  
And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo’s father, 225  
Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
As he said: ‘O my Osseo!  
I have had compassion on you,  
Given you back your youth and beauty,  
Into birds of various plumage 230  
Changed your sisters and their husbands;  
Changed them thus because they mocked you,  
In the figure of the old man,  
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
Could not see your heart of passion, 235  
Could not see your youth immortal;  
Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

“‘In the lodge that glimmers yonder  
In the little star that twinkles 240  
Through the vapors, on the left hand,  
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
The Wabeno, the magician,  
Who transformed you to an old man.

Take heed lest his beams fall on you, 245  
For the rays he darts around him  
Are the power of his enchantment,  
Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet, 250  
On the peaceful Star of Evening  
Dwelt Osseo with his father;  
Many years, in song and flutter,  
At the doorway of the wigwam,  
Hung the cage with rods of silver, 255  
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
Bore a son unto Osseo,  
With the beauty of his mother,  
With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and prospered, 260  
And Osseo, to delight him,  
Made him little bows and arrows,  
Opened the great cage of silver,  
And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
All those birds with glossy feathers, 265  
For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they wheeled and darted,  
Filled the Evening Star with music,  
With their songs of joy and freedom;  
Filled the Evening Star with splendor, 270  
With the fluttering of their plumage;  
Till the boy, the little hunter,  
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
And a bird, with shining feathers,  
At his feet fell wounded sorely. 275

“But, O wondrous transformation!  
'T was no bird he saw before him,  
'T was a beautiful young woman,  
With the arrow in her bosom!

“When her blood fell on the planet, 280  
On the sacred Star of Evening,  
Broken was the spell of magic,  
Powerless was the strange enchantment,  
And the youth, the fearless bowman,  
Suddenly felt himself descending, 285  
Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
Downward through the empty spaces,  
Downward through the clouds and vapors,  
Till he rested on an island,  
On an island, green and grassy, 290  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

“After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining feathers,  
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,  
Like the painted leaves of Autumn; 295  
And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island, 300  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

“Then the birds, again transfigured,  
Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their stature; 305  
They remained as Little People,

Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies,  
And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shining,  
Hand in hand they danced together  
On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

310

“Still their glittering lodge is seen there,  
On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy voices,  
See them dancing in the starlight!”

315

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was ended,  
Looking round upon his listeners,  
Solemnly Iagoo added:

320

“There are great men, I have known such,  
Whom their people understand not,  
Whom they even make a jest of,  
Scoff and jeer at in derision.

325

From the story of Osseo  
Let us learn the fate of jesters!”

All the wedding guests delighted  
Listened to the marvellous story,  
Listened laughing and applauding,  
And they whispered to each other:

330

“Does he mean himself, I wonder?  
And are we the aunts and uncles?”

Then again sang Chibiabos  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,

335

● Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

“When I think of my beloved, 340  
Ah me! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

“Ah me! when I parted from him, 345  
Round my neck he hung the wampum,  
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

“I will go with you, he whispered,  
Ah me! to your native country;  
Let me go with you, he whispered, 350  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

“Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! 355

“When I looked back to behold him;  
Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

“By the tree he still was standing, 360  
By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

“When I think of my beloved, 365  
Ah me! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!”

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,

Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Such the story of Iagoo,  
Such the songs of Chibiabos;  
Thus the wedding banquet ended,  
And the wedding guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

370

375

## BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

## XIII.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,  
Of the happy days that followed,  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful!  
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin, 5  
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,  
Buried was the dreadful war-club,  
Buried were all warlike weapons,  
And the war-cry was forgotten. 10  
There was peace among the nations;  
Unmolested roved the hunters,  
Built the birch-canoe for sailing,  
Caught the fish in lake and river,  
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver; 15  
Unmolested worked the women,  
Made their sugar from the maple,  
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,  
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village 20  
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,  
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,  
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
Filling all the land with plenty.  
'T was the women who in Spring-time 25  
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,  
Buried in the earth Mondamin;

'T was the women who in Autumn  
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

30

Once, when all the maize was planted,  
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,  
Spake and said to Minnehaha,  
To his wife, the Laughing Water:  
"You shall bless to-night the corn-fields,  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
To protect them from destruction,  
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,  
Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!

35

40

"In the night, when all is silence,  
In the night, when all is darkness,  
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
So that not an ear can hear you,  
So that not an eye can see you,  
Rise up from your bed in silence,  
Lay aside your garments wholly,  
Walk around the fields you planted,  
Round the borders of the corn-fields,  
Covered by your tresses only,  
Robed with darkness as a garment.

45

50

"Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,  
And the passing of your footsteps  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
So that neither blight nor mildew,  
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,

55

Shall pass o'er the magic circle;  
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she, 60  
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,  
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-Puk-keena,  
Nor the mighty caterpillar,  
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,  
King of all the caterpillars!" 65

On the tree-tops near the corn-fields  
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
With his band of black marauders.  
And they laughed at Hiawatha, 70  
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,  
With their melancholy laughter  
At the words of Hiawatha.  
"Hear him!" said they; "hear the wise man!  
Hear the plots of Hiawatha!" 75

When the noiseless night descended  
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,  
When the mournful Wawonaissa,  
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,  
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, 80  
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,  
From her bed rose Laughing Water,  
Laid aside her garments wholly,  
And with darkness clothed and guarded,  
Unashamed and unaffrighted, 85  
Walked securely round the corn-fields,  
Drew the sacred, magic circle  
Of her footprints round the corn-fields.

No one but the Midnight only

Saw her beauty in the darkness,  
No one but the Wawonaissa  
Heard the panting of her bosom ;  
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her  
Closely in his sacred mantle,  
So that none might see her beauty,  
So that none might boast, " I saw her ! "

90

95

On the morrow, as the day dawned,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Gathered all his black marauders,  
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens  
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
And descended, fast and fearless  
On the fields of Hiawatha,  
On the grave of the Mondamin.

100

" We will drag Mondamin," said they,  
" From the grave where he is buried,  
Spite of all the magic circles  
Laughing Water draws around it,  
Spite of all the sacred footprints  
Minnehaha stamps upon it ! "

105

110

But the wary Hiawatha,  
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,  
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter  
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.  
" Kaw ! " he said, " my friends the ravens !  
Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens !  
I will teach you all a lesson  
That shall not be soon forgotten ! "

115

He had risen before the daybreak,  
He had spread o'er all the corn-fields

120

Snares to catch the black marauders,  
And was lying now in ambush  
In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,  
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,  
Waiting for the jays and ravens. 125

Soon they came with caw and clamor,  
Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
To their work of devastation,  
Settling down upon the corn-fields,  
Delving deep with beak and talon, 130  
For the body of Mondamin.

And with all their craft and cunning,  
All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
They perceived no danger near them,  
Till their claws became entangled, 135  
Till they found themselves imprisoned  
In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,  
Striding terrible among them,  
And so awful was his aspect 140  
That the bravest quailed with terror.  
Without mercy he destroyed them  
Right and left, by tens and twenties,  
And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows 145  
Round the consecrated corn-fields,  
As a signal of his vengeance,  
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, 150  
He alone was spared among them

As a hostage for his people.  
With his prisoner-string he bound him,  
Led him captive to his wigwam,  
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark  
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

155

“Kahgahgee, my raven!” said he,  
“You the leader of the robbers,  
You the plotter of this mischief,  
The contriver of this outrage,  
I will keep you, I will hold you,  
As a hostage for your people,  
As a pledge of good behavior!”

160

And he left him, grim and sulky,  
Sitting in the morning sunshine  
On the summit of the wigwam,  
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,  
Flapping his great sable pinions,  
Vainly struggling for his freedom,  
Vainly calling on his people!

165

170

Summer passed, and Shawondasee  
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,  
From the South-land sent his ardors,  
Wafted kisses warm and tender;  
And the maize-field grew and ripened,  
Till it stood in all the splendor  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage,  
And the maize-ears full and shining  
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

175

180

Then Nokomis, the old woman,  
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:

"'T is the Moon when leaves are falling;  
All the wild rice has been gathered,  
And the maize is ripe and ready;  
Let us gather in the harvest,  
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,  
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,  
Of his garments green and yellow!"

185

And the merry Laughing Water  
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,  
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,  
And they called the women round them,  
Called the young men and the maidens,  
To the harvest of the corn-fields,  
To the husking of the maize-ear.

190

195

On the border of the forest,  
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,  
Sat the old men and the warriors  
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.

200

In uninterrupted silence  
Looked they at the gamesome labor  
Of the young men and the women;  
Listened to their noisy talking,  
To their laughter and their singing,  
Heard them chattering like the magpies,  
Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,  
Heard them singing like the robins.

205

And whene'er some lucky maiden  
Found a red ear in the husking,  
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,  
"Nushka!" cried they all together,  
"Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,

210

You shall have a handsome husband!"

"Ugh!" the old men all responded  
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.

215

And whene'er a youth or maiden  
Found a crooked ear in husking,  
Found a maize ear in the husking  
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,  
Then they laughed and sang together,  
Crept and limped about the corn-fields,  
Mimicked in their gait and gestures  
Some old man, bent almost double,  
Singing singly or together:

220

225

"Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields!  
Paimosaid, the skulking robber!"  
Till the corn-fields rang with laughter,  
Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Screamed and quivered in his anger,  
And from all the neighboring tree-tops  
Cawed and croaked the black marauders.  
"Ugh!" the old men all responded,  
From their seats beneath the pine-trees!

230

235

## PICTURE-WRITING.

## XIV.

IN those days said Hiawatha,  
“Lo! how all things fade and perish!  
From the memory of the old men  
Fade away the great traditions,  
The achievements of the warriors, 5  
The adventures of the hunters,  
All the wisdom of the Medas,  
All the craft of the Wabenos,  
All the marvellous dreams and visions  
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets! 10

“Great men die and are forgotten,  
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom  
Perish in the ears that hear them,  
Do not reach the generations  
That, as yet unborn, are waiting 15  
In the great, mysterious darkness  
Of the speechless days that shall be!

“On the grave-posts of our fathers  
Are no signs, no figures painted;  
Who are in those graves we know not, 20  
Only know they are our fathers.  
Of what kith they are and kindred,  
From what old, ancestral Totem,  
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
They descended, this we know not, 25  
Only know they are our fathers.

“Face to face we speak together,

But we cannot speak when absent,  
Cannot send our voices from us  
To the friends that dwell afar off; 30  
Cannot send a secret message,  
But the bearer learns our secret,  
May pervert it, may betray it,  
May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking 35  
In the solitary forest,  
Pondering, musing in the forest,  
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,  
Took his paints of different colors, 40  
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree  
Painted many shapes and figures,  
Wonderful and mystic figures,  
And each figure had a meaning,  
Each some word or thought suggested. 45

Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
He, the Master of Life, was painted  
As an egg, with points projecting  
To the four winds of the heavens.  
Everywhere is the Great Spirit, 50  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,  
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
As a serpent was depicted,  
As Kenabeek, the great serpent. 55  
Very crafty, very cunning,  
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,  
Life was white, but Death was darkened ; 60  
Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,  
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,  
For the sky a bow above it ; 65  
White the space between for day-time,  
Filled with little stars for night-time ;  
On the left a point for sunrise,  
On the right a point for sunset,  
On the top a point for noon-tide, 70  
And for rain and cloudy weather  
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam  
Were a sign of invitation,  
Were a sign of guests assembling ; 75  
Bloody hands with palms uplifted  
Were a symbol of destruction,  
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha  
Show unto his wondering people, 80  
And interpreted their meaning,  
And he said : " Behold, your grave-posts  
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.  
Go and paint them all with figures ;  
Each one with its household symbol, 85  
With its own ancestral Totem ;  
So that those who follow after  
May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts

Of the graves yet unforgotten,  
Each his own ancestral Totem,  
Each the symbol of his household;  
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,  
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
Each inverted as a token  
That the owner was departed,  
That the chief who bore the symbol  
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,  
The Wabenos, the Magicians,  
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Painted upon bark and deer-skin  
Figures for the songs they chanted,  
For each song a separate symbol,  
Figures mystical and awful,  
Figures strange and brightly colored;  
And each figure had its meaning,  
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Flashing light through all the heaven;  
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,  
With his bloody crest erected,  
Creeping, looking into heaven;  
In the sky the sun, that listens,  
And the moon eclipsed and dying;  
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,  
And the cormorant, bird of magic;  
Headless men, that walk the heavens,  
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,  
Bloody hands of death uplifted,

Flags on graves, and great war-captains  
Grasping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes they painted  
On the birch-bark and the deer-skin;  
Songs of war and songs of hunting,  
Songs of medicine and of magic,  
All were written in these figures,  
For each figure had its meaning,  
Each its separate song recorded.

125

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,  
The most subtle of all medicines,  
The most potent spell of magic,  
Dangerous more than war or hunting!  
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,  
Symbol and interpretation.

130

135

First a human figure standing,  
Painted in the brightest scarlet;  
'T is the lover, the musician,  
And the meaning is, "My painting  
Makes me powerful over others."

140

Then the figure seated, singing,  
Playing on a drum of magic,  
And the interpretation, "Listen!  
'T is my voice you hear, my singing!"

145

Then the same red figure seated  
In the shelter of a wigwam,  
And the meaning of the symbol,  
"I will come and sit beside you  
In the mystery of my passion!"

150

Then two figures, man and woman,  
Standing hand in hand together,

With their hands so clasped together  
That they seem in one united,  
And the words thus represented  
Are, "I see your heart within you,  
And your cheeks are red with blushes!"

155

Next the maiden on an island,  
In the centre of an island;  
And the song this shape suggested  
Was, "Though you were at a distance,  
Were upon some far-off island,  
Such the spell I cast upon you,  
Such the magic power of passion,  
I could straightway draw you to me!"

160

Then the figure of the maiden  
Sleeping, and the lover near her,  
Whispering to her in her slumbers,  
Saying, "Though you were far from me  
In the land of Sleep and Silence,  
Still the voice of love would reach you!"  
And the last of all the figures  
Was a heart within a circle,  
Drawn within a magic circle;  
And the image had this meaning:  
"Naked lies your heart before me,  
To your naked heart I whisper!"

165

170

Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
In his wisdom, taught the people  
All the mysteries of painting,  
All the art of Picture-Writing,  
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,  
On the white skin of the reindeer,  
On the grave-posts of the village.

175

180

## HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

## XV.

IN those days the Evil Spirits,  
All the Manitos of mischief,  
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
And his love for Chibiabos,  
Jealous of their faithful friendship, 5  
And their noble words and actions,  
Made at length a league against them,  
To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,  
Often said to Chibiabos, 10  
"O my brother! do not leave me,  
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"  
Chibiaos, young and heedless,  
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,  
Answered ever sweet and childlike, 15  
"Do not fear for me, O brother!  
Harm and evil come not near me!"

Once when Peboan, the Winter,  
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,  
When the snow-flakes, whirling downward, 20  
Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,  
Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,  
Covered all the earth with silence, —  
Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes,  
Heeding not his brother's warning, 25  
Fearing not the Evil Spirits,  
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers

All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water  
Sprang with speed the deer before him,  
With the wind and snow he followed,  
O'er the treacherous ice he followed,  
Wild with all the fierce commotion  
And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits  
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,  
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,  
Dragged him downward to the bottom,  
Buried in the sand his body.

Unktahee, the god of water,  
He the god of the Dacotahs,  
Drowned him in the deep abysses  
Of the lake of Gitche Gume.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,  
Such a fearful lamentation,  
That the bison paused to listen,  
And the wolves howled from the prairies,  
And the thunder in the distance  
Woke and answered "Baim-wawa!"

Then his face with black he painted,  
With his robe his head he covered,  
In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,  
Uttering still this moan of sorrow: —

"He is dead, the sweet musician!  
He the sweetest of all singers!  
He has gone from us for ever,

He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music, 60  
To the Master of all singing!  
O my brother, Chibiabos!"

And the melancholy fir-trees  
Waved their dark green fans above him,  
Waved their purple cones above him, 65  
Sighing with him to console him,  
Mingling with his lamentation  
Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the forest  
Looked in vain for Chibiabos; 70  
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,  
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the blue-bird,  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos! 75  
He is dead, the sweet musician!"

From the wigwam sang the robin,  
Sang the Opechee, the robin,  
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!  
He is dead, the sweetest singer!" 80

And at night through all the forest  
Went the whippoorwill complaining,  
Wailing went the Wawonaissa,  
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!  
He is dead, the sweet musician! 85  
He the sweetest of all singers!"

Then the medicine-men, the Medas,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,

Came to visit Hiawatha;  
Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,  
To appease him, to console him,  
Walked in silent, grave procession,  
Bearing each a pouch of healing,  
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,  
Filled with magic roots and simples,  
Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps approaching,  
Hiawatha ceased lamenting,  
Called no more on Chibiabos;  
Naught he questioned, naught he answered,  
But his mournful head uncovered,  
From his face the mourning colors  
Washed he slowly and in silence,  
Slowly and in silence followed  
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,  
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,  
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,  
Roots of power, and herbs of healing;  
Beat their drums, and shook their rattles;  
Chanted singly and in chorus,  
Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

"I myself, myself! behold me!  
'T is the great Gray Eagle talking;  
Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!  
The loud-speaking thunder helps me;  
All the unseen spirits help me;  
I can hear their voices calling,  
All around the sky I hear them!

I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,  
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

"Friends of mine are all the serpents!" 125

Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!  
Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;  
I can shoot your heart and kill it!  
I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha!" 130

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus.  
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

"I myself, myself! the prophet!  
When I speak, the wigwam trembles,  
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror, 135  
Hands unseen begin to shake it!

When I walk, the sky I tread on  
Bends and makes a noise beneath me!  
I can blow you strong, my brother!  
Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!" 140

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,  
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

Then they shook their medicine-pouches  
O'er the head of Hiawatha,  
Danced their medicine-dance around him; 145  
And upstarting wild and haggard,  
Like a man from dreams awakened,  
He was healed of all his madness.

As the clouds are swept from heaven,  
Straightway from his brain departed 150  
All his moody melancholy;  
As the ice is swept from rivers,

Straightway from his heart departed  
All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos  
From his grave beneath the waters,  
From the sands of Gitche Gumee  
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.

155

And so mighty was the magic  
Of that cry and invocation,  
That he heard it as he lay there  
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water ;

160

From the sand he rose and listened,  
Heard the music and the singing,  
Came, obedient to the summons,  
To the doorway of the wigwam,  
But to enter they forbade him.

165

Through a chink a coal they gave him,  
Through the door a burning fire-brand ;  
Ruler in the Land of Spirits,  
Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,  
Telling him a fire to kindle  
For all those that died thereafter,  
Camp-fires for their night encampments  
On their solitary journey  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

170

175

From the village of his childhood,  
From the homes of those who knew him,  
Passing silent through the forest,  
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,  
Slowly vanished Chibiabos !  
Where he passed, the branches moved not,  
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,

180

And the fallen leaves of last year 185  
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward  
Down the pathway of the dead men;  
On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,  
Crossed the melancholy river, 190  
On the swinging log he crossed it,  
Came unto the Lake of Silver,  
In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of ghosts and shadows. 195

On that journey, moving slowly,  
Many weary spirits saw he,  
Panting under heavy burdens,  
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,  
Robes of fur, and pots and kettles, 200  
And with food that friends had given  
For that solitary journey.

"Ah! why do the living," said they,  
"Lay such heavy burdens on us!  
Better were it to go naked, 205  
Better were it to go fasting,  
Than to bear such heavy burdens  
On our long and weary journey!"

Forth then issued Hiawatha,  
Wandered eastward, wandered westward, 210  
Teaching men the use of simples  
And the antidotes for poisons,  
And the cure of all diseases.  
Thus was first made known to mortals  
All the mystery of Mondamin, 215  
All the sacred art of healing.

## PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

## XVI.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis  
He, the handsome Yenadizze,  
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,  
Vexed the village with disturbance;  
You shall hear of all his mischief,  
And his flight from Hiawatha,  
And his wondrous transmigrations,  
And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water  
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
It was he who in his frenzy  
Whirled these drifting sands together,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
When, among the guests assembled,  
He so merrily and madly  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.

Now, in search of new adventures,  
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Came with speed into the village,  
Found the young men all assembled  
In the lodge of old Iagoo,  
Listening to his monstrous stories,  
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story

Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,  
How he made a hole in heaven,  
How he climbed up into heaven, 30  
And let out the Summer-weather,  
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;  
How the Otter first essayed it; .  
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger  
Tried in turn the great achievement, 35  
From the summit of the mountain  
Smote their fists against the heavens,  
Smote against the sky their foreheads,  
Cracked the sky but could not break it;  
How the Wolverine, uprising, 40  
Made him ready for the encounter,  
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,  
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

“Once he leaped,” said old Iagoo,  
“Once he leaped, and lo! above him 45  
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the waters rise beneath it;  
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him  
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the freshet is at highest! 50  
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him  
Broke the shattered sky asunder,  
And he disappeared within it,  
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,  
With a bound went in behind him!” 55

“Hark you!” shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis  
As he entered at the doorway;  
“I am tired of all this talking,

Tired of old Iagoo's stories,  
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.  
Here is something to amuse you,  
Better than this endless talking."

60

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin  
Forth he drew, with solemn manner,  
All the game of Bowl and Counters,  
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.  
White on one side were they painted,  
And vermilion on the other;  
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,  
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,  
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,  
And one slender fish, the Keego,  
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,  
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.  
All were made of bone and painted,  
All except the Ozawabeeks;  
These were brass, on one side burnished,  
And were black upon the other.

65

70

75

In a wooden bowl he placed them,  
Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before him,  
Thus exclaiming and explaining:  
"Red side up are all the pieces,  
And one great Kenabeek standing  
On the bright side of a brass piece,  
On a burnished Ozawabeek;  
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

80

85

Then again he shook the pieces,  
Shook and jostled them together,

Threw them on the ground before him, 90  
Still exclaiming and explaining:

“White are both the great Kenabeeks,  
White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
Red are all the other pieces;  
Five tens and an eight are counted.” 95

Thus he taught the game of hazard,  
Thus displayed it and explained it,  
Running through its various chances,  
Various changes, various meanings:  
Twenty curious eyes stared at him, 100  
Full of eagerness stared at him.

“Many games,” said old Iagoo,  
“Many games of skill and hazard  
Have I seen in different nations,  
Have I played in different countries. 105  
He who plays with old Iagoo  
Must have very nimble fingers;  
Though you think yourself so skilful  
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
I can even give you lessons 110  
In your game of Bowl and Counters!”

So they sat and played together,  
All the old men and the young men,  
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,  
Played till midnight, played till morning, 115  
Played until the Yenadizze,  
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Of their treasures had despoiled them,  
Of the best of all their dresses,  
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine, 120

Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,  
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.  
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:

125

"In my wigwam I am lonely,  
In my wanderings and adventures  
I have need of a companion,  
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,  
An attendant and pipe-bearer.

130

I will venture all these winnings,  
All these garments heaped about me,  
All this wampum, all these feathers,  
On a single throw will venture  
All against the young man yonder!"

135

'T was a youth of sixteen summers,  
'T was a nephew of Iagoo;  
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head  
Dusky red beneath the ashes,  
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows  
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.

140

"Ugh!" he answered very fiercely;  
"Ugh!" they answered all and each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old man,  
Closely in his bony fingers  
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,  
Shook it fiercely and with fury,  
Made the pieces ring together  
As he threw them down before him.

145

150

Red were both the great Kenabeeks,

Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,  
Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,  
White alone the fish, the Keego; 155  
Only five the pieces counted!

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces;  
Lightly in the air he tossed them,  
And they fell about him scattered; 160  
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,  
Red and white the other pieces,  
And upright among the others  
One Ininewug was standing,  
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis 165  
Stood alone among the players,  
Saying, "Five tens! mine the game is!"

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,  
As he turned and left the wigwam, 170  
Followed by his Meshinauwa,  
By the nephew of Iagoo,  
By the tall and graceful stripling,  
Bearing in his arms the winnings,  
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine, 175  
Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.

"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Pointing with his fan of feathers,  
"To my wigwam far to eastward,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!" 180

Hot and red with smoke and gambling  
Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis

As he came forth to the freshness  
Of the pleasant Summer morning.  
All the birds were singing gayly, 185  
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,  
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,  
Beat with triumph like the streamlets,  
As he wandered through the village, 190  
In the early gray of morning,  
With his fan of turkey-feathers,  
With his plumes and tufts of swan's down,  
Till he reached the farthest wigwam,  
Reached the lodge of Hiawatha. 195

Silent was it and deserted;  
No one met him at the doorway,  
No one came to bid him welcome;  
But the birds were singing round it,  
In and out and round the doorway, 200  
Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,  
And aloft upon the ridge-pole  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming  
Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis. 205

"All are gone! the lodge is empty!"  
Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
In his heart resolving mischief; —  
"Gone is wary Hiawatha,  
Gone the silly Laughing Water, 210  
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,  
And the lodge is left unguarded!"

By the neck he seized the raven,

Whirled it round him like a rattle,  
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it, 215  
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,  
From the ridge-pole of the wigwam  
Left its lifeless body hanging,  
As an insult to its master,  
As a taunt to Hiawatha. 220

With a stealthy step he entered,  
Round the lodge in wild disorder  
Threw the household things about him,  
Piled together in confusion  
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles, 225  
Robes of buffalo and beaver,  
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,  
As an insult to Nokomis,  
As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis, 230  
Whistling, singing through the forest,  
Whistling gayly to the squirrels,  
Who from hollow boughs above him  
Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,  
Singing gayly to the wood-birds, 235  
Who from out the leafy darkness  
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands,  
Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,  
Perched himself upon their summit, 240  
Waiting full of mirth and mischief  
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there;  
Far below him plashed the waters,

Plashed and washed the dreamy waters; 245  
Far above him swam the heavens,  
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;  
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,  
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him, 250  
Almost brushed him with their pinions.  
And he killed them as he lay there,  
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,  
Threw their bodies down the headland,  
Threw them on the beach below him, 255  
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,  
Perched upon a crag above them,  
Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
He is slaying us by hundreds!  
Send a message to our brother, 260  
Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

## THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

## XVII.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha  
When he came into the village,  
Found the people in confusion,  
Heard of all the misdemeanors,  
All the malice and the mischief, 5  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,  
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered  
Words of anger and resentment,  
Hot and humming, like a hornet. 10

“I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Slay this mischief-maker!” said he.  
“Not so long and wide the world is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
That my wrath shall not attain him, 15  
That my vengeance shall not reach him!”

Then in swift pursuit departed  
Hiawatha and the hunters  
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Through the forest, where he passed it, 20  
To the headlands where he rested;  
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Only in the trampled grasses,  
In the whortleberry-bushes,  
Found the couch where he had rested, 25  
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,

From the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,  
Made a gesture of defiance, 30  
Made a gesture of derision;  
And aloud cried Hiawatha,  
From the summit of the mountain:  
“Not so long and wide the world is  
Not so rude and rough the way is, 35  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
And my vengeance shall attain you!”

Over rock and over river,  
Thorough bush, and brake, and forest,  
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis; 40  
Like an antelope he bounded,  
Till he came unto a streamlet  
In the middle of the forest,  
To a streamlet still and tranquil,  
That had overflowed its margin, 45  
To a dam made by the beavers,  
To a pond of quiet water,  
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,  
Where the water-lilies floated,  
Where the rushes waved and whispered. 50

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
On the dam of trunks and branches,  
Through whose chinks the water spouted,  
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.  
From the bottom rose a beaver, 55  
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,  
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,  
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet, 60  
Flowed the bright and silvery water,  
And he spake unto the beaver,  
With a smile he spake in this wise:

“O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,  
Cool and pleasant is the water; 65  
Let me dive into the water,  
Let me rest there in your lodges;  
Change me, too, into a beaver!”

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
With reserve he thus made answer: — 70  
“Let me first consult the others,  
Let me ask the other beavers.”

Down he sank into the water,  
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,  
Down among the leaves and branches, 75  
Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
Spouted through the chinks below him,  
Dashed upon the stones beneath him, 80  
Spread serene and calm before him,  
And the sunshine and the shadows  
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,  
Fell in little shining patches,  
Through the waving, rustling branches. 85

From the bottom rose the beavers,  
Silently above the surface  
Rose one head and then another,  
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,

Full of black and shining faces.

90

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Spake entreating, said in this wise:

"Very pleasant is your dwelling,  
O my friends! and safe from danger;  
Can you not with all your cunning,  
All your wisdom and contrivance,  
Change me, too, into a beaver?"

95

"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,  
He the King of all the beavers,  
"Let yourself slide down among us,  
Down into the tranquil water."

100

Down into the pond among them  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,  
Black his moccasons and leggings,  
In a broad black tail behind him  
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;  
He was changed into a beaver.

105

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
"Make me large and make me larger,  
Larger than the other beavers."

110

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,  
"When our lodge below you enter,  
In our wigwam we will make you  
Ten times larger than the others."

115

Thus into the clear, brown water  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
Found the bottom covered over  
With the trunks of trees and branches  
Hoards of food against the winter,

120

Piles and heaps against the famine,  
Found the lodge with arching doorway,  
Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger,  
Made him largest of the beavers,  
Ten times larger than the others.

125

"You shall be our ruler," said they;  
"Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Sat in state among the beavers,

130

When there came a voice of warning  
From the watchman at his station  
In the water-flags and lilies,  
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!  
Hiawatha with his hunters!"

135

Then they heard a cry above them,  
Heard a shouting and a tramping,  
Heard a crashing and a rushing,  
And the water round and o'er them  
Sank and sucked away in eddies,  
And they knew their dam was broken.

140

On the lodge's roof the hunters  
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;  
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,  
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,  
Hid themselves in deeper water,  
In the channel of the streamlet;  
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Could not pass beneath the doorway;  
He was puffed with pride and feeding,  
He was swollen like a bladder.

145

150

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,  
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
Vain are all your craft and cunning,  
Vain your manifold disguises! 155  
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,  
Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Pounded him as maize is pounded,  
Till his skull was crushed to pieces. 160

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,  
Bore him home on poles and branches,  
Bore the body of the beaver;  
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,  
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis, 165  
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,  
Waving hither, waving thither,  
As the curtains of a wigwam  
Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin, 170  
When the wintry wind is blowing;  
Till it drew itself together,  
Till it rose up from the body,  
Till it took the form and features  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis, 175  
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha  
Saw the figure ere it vanished,  
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Glide into the soft blue shadow 180  
Of the pine-trees of the forest;  
Toward the squares of white beyond it,

Toward an opening in the forest,  
Like a wind it rushed and panted,  
Bending all the boughs before it, 185  
And behind it, as the rain comes,  
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands  
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis, .  
Where among the water-lilies 190  
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;  
Through the tufts of rushes floating,  
Steering through the reedy islands.  
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,  
Now they plunged beneath the water, 195  
Now they darkened in the shadow,  
Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he,  
"Change me to a brant with plumage, 200  
With a shining neck and feathers,  
Make me large, and make me larger,  
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed him,  
With two huge and dusky pinions, 205  
With a bosom smooth and rounded,  
With a bill like two great paddles,  
Made him larger than the others,  
Ten times larger than the largest,  
Just as, shouting from the forest, 210  
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,  
With a whirr and beat of pinions,

Rose up from the reedy islands,  
From the water-flags and lilies. 215

And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
"In your flying, look not downward,  
Take good heed, and look not downward,  
Lest some strange mischance should happen,  
Lest some great mishap befall you!" 220

Fast and far they fled to northward,  
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,  
Fed among the moors and fen-lands,  
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed, 225  
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,  
Wafted onward by the South-wind,  
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,  
Rose a sound of human voices,  
Rose a clamor from beneath them, 230  
From the lodges of a village,  
From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village  
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,  
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis 235  
Flapping far up in the ether,  
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,  
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,  
Knew the outcry of Iagoo, 240  
And, forgetful of the warning,  
Drew his neck in, and looked downward,  
And the wind that blew behind  
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,

Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

245

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis

Struggle to regain his balance!

Whirling round and round and downward,

He beheld in turn the village

And in turn the flock above him,

250

Saw the village coming nearer,

And the flock receding farther,

Heard the voices growing louder,

Heard the shouting and the laughter;

Saw no more the flock above him,

255

Only saw the earth beneath him;

Dead out of the empty heaven,

Dead among the shouting people,

With a heavy sound and sullen,

Fell the brant with broken pinions.

260

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,

Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Took again the form and features

Of the handsome Yenadizze,

And again went rushing onward,

265

Followed fast by Hiawatha,

Crying: "Not so wide the world is,

Not so long and rough the way is,

But my wrath shall overtake you,

But my vengeance shall attain you!"

270

And so near he came, so near him,

That his hand was stretched to seize him,

His right hand to seize and hold him,

When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis

Whirled and spun about in circles,

275

Fanned the air into a whirlwind,  
Danced the dust and leaves about him,  
And amid the whirling eddies  
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,  
Changed himself into a serpent,  
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

280

With his right hand Hiawatha  
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,  
Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
Left it lying there in fragments.  
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Once again in human figure,  
Full in sight ran on before him,  
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,  
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,  
Came unto the rocky headlands,  
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,  
Looking over lake and landscape.

285

290

And the Old Man of the Mountain,  
He the Manito of Mountains,  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,  
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

295

300

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against him,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,

305

Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"

But the Old Man of the Mountain  
Opened not, and made no answer 310  
From the silent crags of sandstone,  
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,  
Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the lightning, 315  
And the thunder, Annemeekee;  
And they came with night and darkness,  
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water  
From the distant Thunder Mountains;  
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis 320  
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Smote the doorways of the caverns, 325  
With his war-club smote the doorways,  
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!" 330  
And the crags fell, and beneath them  
Dead among the rocky ruins  
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,  
Slain in his own human figure. 335

Ended were his wild adventures,  
Ended were his tricks and gambols,

Ended all his craft and cunning,  
Ended all his mischief-making,  
All his gambling and his dancing, 340  
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha  
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
Never more in human figure 345  
Shall you search for new adventures;  
Never more with jest and laughter  
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;  
But above there in the heavens  
You shall soar and sail in circles; 350  
I will change you to an eagle,  
To Keneu, the great War-Eagle,  
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,  
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis 355  
Lingers still among the people,  
Lingers still among the singers,  
And among the story-tellers;  
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes  
Whirl in eddies round the lodges, 360  
When the wind in gusty tumult  
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,  
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
He is dancing through the village,  
He is gathering in his harvest!" 365

## THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

## XVIII.

FAR and wide among the nations  
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;  
No man dared to strive with Kwasind,  
No man could compete with Kwasind.  
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies, 5  
They the envious Little People,  
They the fairies and the pigmies,  
Plotted and conspired against him.

“If this hateful Kwasind,” said they,  
“If this great, outrageous fellow 10  
Goes on thus a little longer,  
Tearing everything he touches,  
Rending everything to pieces,  
Filling all the world with wonder,  
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies? 15  
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?  
He will tread us down like mushrooms,  
Drive us all into the water,  
Give our bodies to be eaten  
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs, 20  
By the Spirits of the water!”

So the angry Little People  
All conspired against the Strong Man,  
All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind, 25  
The audacious, overbearing,  
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind! -

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind  
In his crown alone was seated ;  
In his crown too was his weakness ;  
There alone could he be wounded,  
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,  
Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

30

Even there the only weapon  
That could wound him, that could slay him,  
Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,  
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.  
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,  
Known to no man among mortals ;  
But the cunning Little People,  
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,  
Knew the only way to kill him.

35

40

So they gathered cones together,  
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,  
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,  
In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
Brought them to the river's margin,  
Heaped them in great piles together,  
Where the red rocks from the margin  
Jutting overhang the river.  
There they lay in wait for Kwasind,  
The malicious Little People.

45

50

'T was an afternoon in Summer ;  
Very hot and still the air was,  
Very smooth the gliding river,  
Motionless the sleeping shadows :  
Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
Insects skated on the water,

55

Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,  
With a far-resounding war-cry. 60

Down the river came the Strong Man,  
In his birch-canoe came Kwasind,  
Floating slowly down the current  
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,  
Very languid with the weather, 65  
Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,  
From the tassels of the birch-trees,  
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended ;  
By his airy hosts surrounded, 70  
His invisible attendants,  
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin ;  
Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,  
Like a dragon-fly, he hovered  
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind. 75

To his ear there came a murmur  
As of waves upon a sea-shore,  
As of far-off tumbling waters,  
As of winds among the pine-trees ;  
And he felt upon his forehead 80  
Blows of little airy war-clubs,  
Wielded by the slumbrous legions  
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs 85  
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;  
At the second blow they smote him,  
Motionless his paddle rested ;  
At the third, before his vision

Reeled the landscape into darkness, 90  
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,  
Like a blind man seated upright,  
Floated down the Taquamenaw, 95  
Underneath the trembling birch-trees,  
Underneath the wooded headlands,  
Underneath the war encampment  
Of the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,  
Hurled the pine-cones down upon him, 100  
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,  
On his crown defenceless struck him.  
"Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden  
War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled, 105  
Sideways fell into the river,  
Plunged beneath the sluggish water  
Headlong, as an otter plunges;  
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,  
Drifted empty down the river, 110  
Bottom upward swerved and drifted:  
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man  
Lingered long among the people,  
And whenever through the forest 115  
Raged and roared the wintry tempest,  
And the branches, tossed and troubled,  
Creaked and groaned and split asunder,  
"Kwasind!" cried they; "that is Kwasind!  
He is gathering in his fire-wood!" 120

## THE GHOSTS.

## XIX.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;  
And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions.

5

10

So disasters come not singly;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim sick and wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish.

15

Now, o'er all the dreary North-land,  
Mighty Peboan, the Winter,  
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
Into stone had changed their waters.  
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,  
Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,  
One uninterrupted level,  
As if, stooping, the Creator  
With his hand had smoothed them over.

20

25

Through the forest, wide and wailing,  
Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes;  
In the village worked the women, 30  
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-skin;  
And the young men played together  
On the ice the noisy ball-play,  
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.

One dark evening, after sundown, 35  
In her wigwam Laughing Water  
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
For the steps of Hiawatha  
Homeward from the hunt\*returning.

On their faces gleamed the fire-light, 40  
Painting them with streaks of crimson,  
In the eyes of old Nokomis  
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,  
In the eyes of Laughing Water  
Glistened like the sun in water; 45  
And behind them crouched their shadows  
In the corners of the wigwam,  
And the smoke in wreaths above them  
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.

Then the curtain of the doorway 50  
From without was slowly lifted;  
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,  
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,  
As two women entered softly,  
Passed the doorway uninvited, 55  
Without word of salutation,  
Without sign of recognition,  
Sat down in the farthest corner,

Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,  
Strangers seemed they in the village;  
Very pale and haggard were they,  
As they sat there sad and silent,  
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

60

Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,  
Muttering down into the wigwam?  
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,  
Hooting from the dismal forest?  
Sure a voice said in the silence:

65

“These are corpses clad in garments,  
These are ghosts that come to haunt you.  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter!”

70

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
From his hunting in the forest,  
With the snow upon his tresses,  
And the red deer on his shoulders.  
At the feet of Laughing Water  
Down he threw his lifeless burden;  
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,  
Than when first he came to woo her,  
First threw down the deer before her,  
As a token of his wishes,  
As a promise of the future.

75

80

Then he turned and saw the strangers,  
Cowering, crouching with the shadows;  
Said within himself, “Who are they?  
What strange guests has Minnehaha?”  
But he questioned not the strangers,

85

Only spake to bid them welcome 90  
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,  
And the deer had been divided,  
Both the pallid guests, the strangers, 95  
Springing from among the shadows,  
Seized upon the choicest portions,  
Seized the white fat of the roebuck  
Set apart for Laughing Water,  
For the wife of Hiawatha;  
Without asking, without thanking, 100  
Eagerly devoured the morsels,  
Flitted back among the shadows  
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha, 105  
Not a motion made Nokomis,  
Not a gesture Laughing Water;  
Not a change came o'er their features;  
Only Minnehaha softly  
Whispered, saying, "They are famished;  
Let them do what best delights them; 110  
Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and darkened,  
Many a night shook off the daylight  
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes  
From the midnight of its branches; 115  
Day by day the guests unmoving  
Sat there silent in the wigwam;  
But by night, in storm or starlight,  
Forth they went into the forest,  
Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam, 120

Bringing pine-cones for the burning,  
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha  
Came from fishing or from hunting,  
When the evening meal was ready, 125  
And the food had been divided,  
Gliding from their darksome corner  
Came the pallid guests, the strangers,  
Seized upon the choicest portions  
Set aside for Laughing Water, 130  
And without rebuke or question  
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha  
By a word or look reproved them;  
Never once had old Nokomis 135  
Made a gesture of impatience;  
Never once had Laughing Water  
Shown resentment at the outrage.  
All had they endured in silence,  
That the rights of guest and stranger, 140  
That the virtue of free-giving,  
By a look might not be lessened,  
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
Ever wakeful, ever watchful, 145  
In the wigwam, dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were burning,  
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,  
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow. 150

From his couch rose Hiawatha,

From his shaggy hides of bison,  
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,  
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,  
Sitting upright on their couches, 155  
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: "O guests! why is it  
That your hearts are so afflicted,  
That you sob so in the midnight?  
Has perchance the old Nokomis, 160  
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,  
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,  
Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,  
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting, 165  
And they said, with gentle voices:  
"We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with you.  
From the realms of Chibiabos  
Hither have we come to try you, 170  
Hither have we come to warn you.

"Cries of grief and lamentation  
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;  
Cries of anguish from the living,  
Calling back their friends departed, 175  
Sadden us with useless sorrow.  
Therefore have we come to try you;  
No one knows us, no one heeds us.  
We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed 180  
Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha!

Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and for ever  
They no more with lamentations 185  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

“Do not lay such heavy burdens  
In the graves of those you bury,  
Not such weight of furs and wampum, 190  
Not such weight of pots and kettles,  
For the spirits faint beneath them.  
Only give them food to carry,  
Only give them fire to light them.

“Four days is the spirit’s journey 195  
To the land of ghosts and shadows,  
Four its lonely night encampments;  
Four times must their fires be lighted.  
Therefore, when the dead are buried,  
Let a fire, as night approaches, 200  
Four times on the grave be kindled,  
That the soul upon its journey  
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,  
May not grope about in darkness.

“Farewell, noble Hiawatha! 205  
We have put you to the trial,  
To the proof have put your patience,  
By the insult of our presence,  
By the outrage of our actions.  
We have found you great and noble. 210  
Fail not in the greater trial,  
Faint not in the harder struggle.”

When they ceased, a sudden darkness

Fell and filled the silent wigwam.  
Hiawatha heard a rustle  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the doorway  
Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night air,  
For a moment saw the starlight;  
But he saw the ghosts no longer,  
Saw no more the wandering spirits  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter.

215

220

## THE FAMINE.

## XX.

O THE long and dreary Winter!  
O the cold and cruel Winter!  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage;  
With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
Vainly walked he through the forest,  
Sought for bird or beast and found none,  
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,  
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!  
O the wasting of the famine!  
O the blasting of the fever!  
O the wailing of the children!  
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven

Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
Came two other guests, as silent 30  
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water; 35  
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow  
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!  
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"  
And the other said: "Behold me! 40  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
Lay down on her bed in silence, 45  
Hid her face, but made no answer;  
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning  
At the looks they cast upon her,  
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest 50  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze and fell not. 55

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Into the vast and vacant forest 60  
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

“Gitche Manito, the Mighty!”  
Cried he with his face uplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
“Give your children food, O father! 65  
Give us food, or we must perish!  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha!”

Through the far-resounding forest,  
Through the forest vast and vacant 70  
Rang that cry of desolation,  
But there came no other answer  
Than the echo of his crying,  
Than the echo of the woodlands,  
“Minnehaha! Minnehaha!” 75

All day long roved Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest,  
Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
In the pleasant days of Summer,  
Of that ne’er forgotten Summer, 80  
He had brought his young wife homeward  
From the land of the Dacotahs;  
When the birds sang in the thickets,  
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,  
And the air was full of fragrance, 85  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Said with voice that did not tremble,  
“I will follow you, my husband!”

In the wigwam of Nokomis,

With those gloomy guests, that watched her, 90  
With the Famine and the Fever,  
She was lying, the Beloved,  
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing, 95  
Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father 100  
Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!" 105

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon me in the darkness,  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!" 110

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha 115  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
Under snow-encumbered branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha, 120

Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:

“Wahonowin! Wahonowin!

Would that I had perished for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are!

125

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!”

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly

Rocking to and fro and moaning,

Saw his lovely Minnehaha

130

Lying dead and cold before him,

And his bursting heart within him

Uttered such a cry of anguish,

That the forest moaned and shuddered,

That the very stars in heaven

135

Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,

On the bed of Minnehaha,

At the feet of Laughing Water,

At those willing feet, that never

140

More would lightly run to meet him,

Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,  
Seven long days and nights he sat there,

As if in a swoon he sat there,

145

Speechless, motionless, unconscious

Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;

In the snow a grave they made her,

In the forest deep and darksome,

150

Underneath the moaning hemlocks;

Clothed her in her richest garments,  
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine;  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

155

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

160

165

“Farewell!” said he, “Minnehaha!  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you!  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter!”

170

175

180

## THE WHITE-MAN'S FOOT.

## XXI.

IN his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.  
White his hair was as a snow-drift;  
Dull and low his fire was burning, 5  
And the old man shook and trembled,  
Folded in his Waubewyon,  
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,  
Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest, 10  
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,  
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,  
And the fire was slowly dying,  
As a young man, walking lightly, 15  
At the open doorway entered.  
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,  
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,  
Bound his forehead was with grasses,  
Bound and plumed with scented grasses; 20  
On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
In his hand a bunch of blossoms  
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man, 25  
"Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,

Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together.  
Tell me of your strange adventures, 30  
Of the lands where you have travelled;  
I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,  
Very old and strangely fashioned; 35  
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,  
And the stem a reed with feathers;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
Placed a burning coal upon it,  
Gave it to his guest, the stranger, 40  
And began to speak in this wise:

"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the water!" 45

And the young man answered, smiling:  
"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,  
Singing, onward rush the rivers!" 50

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"  
Said the old man darkly frowning,  
"All the land with snow is covered;  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither, 55  
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.  
From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild-goose and the heron,

Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo! they are not. 60  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forest  
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,  
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets," 65  
Said the young man, softly laughing,  
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,  
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back unto their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild-goose and the heron, 70  
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the blue-bird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blossoms,  
All the woodlands ring with music, 75  
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake, the night departed;  
From the distant realms of Wabun,  
From his shining lodge of silver,  
Like a warrior robed and painted, 80  
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!  
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless,  
And the air grew warm and pleasant,  
And upon the wigwam sweetly 85  
Sang the blue-bird and the robin,  
And the stream began to murmur,  
And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger, 90  
More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him;  
It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,  
As from melting lakes the streamlets, 95  
And his body shrunk and dwindled  
As the shouting sun ascended,  
Till into the air it faded,  
Till into the ground it vanished,  
And the young man saw before him, 100  
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,  
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,  
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,  
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom. 105

Thus it was that in the Northland  
After that unheard-of coldness,  
That intolerable Winter,  
Came the Spring with all its splendor,  
All its birds and all its blossoms, 110  
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,  
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee, 115  
Speaking almost as a man speaks;  
And in long lines waving, bending  
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,  
The white goose, the Waw-be-wawa;  
And in pairs, or singly flying, 120

Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the blue-bird, the Owaissa, 125  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the Opechee, the robin,  
In the covert of the pine-trees  
Cooed the pigeon, the Omeme;  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha, 130  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,  
Stood and gazed into the heaven,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters. 135

From his wanderings far to eastward,  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iagoo,  
The great traveller, the great boaster, 140  
Full of new and strange adventures,  
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures, 145  
Laughing answered him in this wise:  
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!  
No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water, 150  
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,

Bitter so that none could drink it!  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so! 155  
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees, 160  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other;  
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"

From its mouth, he said, to greet him, 165  
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;  
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!" 170

In it, said he, came a people,  
In the great canoe with pinions  
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;  
Painted white were all their faces,  
And with hair their chins were covered! 175  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,  
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.  
"Kaw!" they said; "what lies you tell us! 180  
Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,

But he gravely spake and answered  
To their jeering and their jesting:

“ True is all Iagoo tells us ;

185

I have seen it in a vision,

Seen the great canoe with pinions,

Seen the people with white faces,

Seen the coming of this bearded

People of the wooden vessel

190

From the regions of the morning,

From the shining land of Wabun.

“ Gitche Manito the Mighty,

The Great Spirit, the Creator,

Sends them hither on his errand,

195

Sends them to us with his message.

Wheresoe'er they move, before them

Swarms the stinging-fly, the Ahmo,

Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;

Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them

200

Springs a flower unknown among us,

Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

“ Let us welcome, then, the strangers,

Hail them as our friends and brothers,

And the heart's right hand of friendship

205

Give them when they come to see us.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,

Said this to me in my vision.

“ I beheld, too, in that vision

All the secrets of the future,

210

Of the distant days that shall be.

I beheld the westward marches

Of the unknown, crowded nations.

All the land was full of people,  
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving, 215  
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.

In the woodlands rang their axes,  
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,  
Over all the lakes and rivers 220  
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

“Then a darker, drearier vision  
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like;  
I beheld our nations scattered,  
All forgetful of my counsels, 225  
Weakened, warring with each other;  
Saw the remnants of our people  
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,  
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of autumn!” 230

## HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

## XXII.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant Summer morning,  
Hiawatha stood and waited.

5

All the air was full of freshness,  
All the earth was bright and joyous,  
And before him, through the sunshine,  
Westward toward the neighboring forest  
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

10

Bright above him shone the heavens,  
Level spread the lake before him;  
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;  
On its margin the great forest  
Stood reflected in the water,  
Every tree-top had its shadow,  
Motionless beneath the water.

15

20

From the brow of Hiawatha  
Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
As the fog from off the water,  
As the mist from off the meadow.  
With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exultation,  
As of one who in a vision

25

Sees what is to be, but is not,  
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,  
Both the palms spread out against it,  
And between the parted fingers  
Fell the sunshine on his features,  
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,  
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
Something in the hazy distance,  
Something in the mists of morning,  
Loomed and lifted from the water,  
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,  
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?  
Was it the pelican, the Shada?  
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?  
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,  
With the water dripping, flashing  
From its glossy neck and feathers?  
It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron,  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of morning,  
But a birch-canoe with paddles,  
Rising, sinking on the water,  
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine,  
And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,  
From the farthest realms of morning

Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face, 60  
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
Waited, full of exultation, 65  
Till the birch-canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles,  
Stranded on the sandy margin,  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
With the cross upon his bosom, 70  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:  
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us! 75  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly, 80  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us!  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars; 85  
For your birch-canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-bar!

"Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,

Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields 90  
Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer, 95  
Stammered in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:  
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!" 100

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine, 105  
And the careful, old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,  
Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,  
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village, 110  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the medicine-men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome; 115  
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers, 120

Waiting to receive their message;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
From the wigwam came to greet them,  
Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar; 125  
“It is well,” they said, “O brother,  
That you come so far to see us!”

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,  
Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission, 130  
Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do;  
How he fasted, prayed, and labored; 135  
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;  
How he rose from where they laid him,  
Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven. 140

And the chiefs made answer, saying:  
“We have listened to your message,  
We have heard your words of wisdom,  
We will think on what you tell us.  
It is well for us, O brothers, 145  
That you come so far to see us!”

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wigwam,  
To the young men and the women  
Told the story of the strangers 150  
Whom the Master of Life had sent them  
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence  
Grew the afternoon of Summer ;  
With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,  
With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it ;  
From the corn-fields shrill and ceaseless  
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-Puk-keena ;  
And the guests of Hiawatha,  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

155

160

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape  
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,  
And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking through its shields of shadow,  
Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;  
Still the guests of Hiawatha  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

165

170

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,  
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered :

175

"I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.  
But these guests I leave behind me,  
In your watch and ward I leave them ;  
See that never harm comes near them,

180

See that never fear molests them, 185  
Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors, 190  
Bade farewell to all the young men,  
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey;  
Many moons and many winters 195  
Will have come, and will have vanished,  
Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you, 200  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting;  
On the clear and luminous water 205  
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,  
From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water;  
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"  
And with speed it darted forward. 210

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor, 215

Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

220

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the vapors  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

225

And they said, "Farewell for ever!"  
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the forests, dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their depths of darkness,  
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

230

235

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter!

240

245

## NOTES.

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INTRODUCTION. — 13. *The land of the Ojibways* was the southern shore of Lake Superior, between the Pictured Rocks and Grand Sable.

LINE 14. *The land of the Dacotahs* — The land lying north of the Arkansas river between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains.

41. *Vale of Tawasentha* — Now known as Norman's Kill, Albany county, New York.

51-56. Note distinctive mark of each season.

75-76. A fine simile.

109. This line has a break in the metre. To make it perfect, *written* should be changed to *writ*.

I. THE PEACE PIPE. — 1, 2. The following account of the Mountains of the Prairie and the Red Pipe-stone Quarry is found in *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, by Mr. Catlin:

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red, — that it was their flesh, — that they must use it for their pipes of peace, — that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-

mec-cos-tee and Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

60-65. *Delawares* — Eastern part of the United States.

*Mowhawks* — Northern New York.

*Choctaws* — Mississippi State.

*Comanches* — South of Arkansas and west of Mississippi.

*Shoshonies* — Include branches and parts of Colorado, Nevada, Utah, and Arizona.

*Pawnees and Omawhaws* — Kansas and Nebraska.

*Mandans* — Tribe of Dacotahs.

*Hurons* — Southern Canada, near Lake Erie.

II. THE FOUR WINDS. — The story of Mishe-Mokwa is founded on an anecdote told by Heckewelder in his work, *Indian Nations*.

4. *Belt of Wampum* — Beads made of shells used by the Indians as money.

79-82. Compare this story of the four winds with Greek mythology of the winds.

III. HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD. — 80. *The Naked Bear*. Among the Indians the tradition runs that once a huge fierce bear, naked except a spot of white hair on its back, lived and roamed in the forests. The Indians especially feared this beast.

IV. HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS. — 73. *Crows and Foxes*. The Crows were in what is now western North Dakota; the Foxes in eastern Wisconsin.

262. The falls of Minnehaha, or Little Falls, are between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony. The scenery here is beautiful.

271-280. A pretty piece of description.

V. HIAWATHA'S FASTING. — 121-124. One of the finest similes in the poem. The legend of the corn is one of the most beautiful ones in the story. The wrestling is typical of the struggle for self-control. Fasting was one of the tests applied to young braves before they could be accounted good warriors.

IX. HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL FEATHER. — 35-40. Compare this legend with the old Saxon legend of Beowulf.

102-126. A weird picture of stagnation and danger and death.

239-248. This legend of Mama is only one of many that account for the color of this bird's head.

X. HIAWATHA'S WOOING. — 13. A common custom of Indians who look with suspicion upon all strangers.

19. Charming, but not to be depended on as firelight is.

67. *Cataract's laughter*, according to its name.

XI. HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST. — 31. Dried buffalo-meat pounded to a powder.

34. See v. 270.

36-40. It was not considered proper for those who gave the feast to eat with the guests.

118. Foster and Whitney's *Geological Report of the Lake Superior Land District* has this description of the sand-hills of the Nagow Wudjoo — the *Grand Sable*, or great sand-dunes:

"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert."

141. "*Onaway!*" *Awake Beloved*. For the original of this song, see Littell's *Living Age*, Vol. XXV, p. 45.

XII. THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR. — 3. *Or the Red Swan floating, flying*. Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches* says: "Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game. They were to shoot no other animal, so the legend says, but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways; Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived; but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the

shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and, pulling the arrow from the bowstring up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brothers' arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brothers' saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time, he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and, drawing it up with vigor, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off toward the sinking of the sun."

XIII. BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS. — 5. *Sing the Mysteries of Mondamin.* The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. Says Schoolcraft:

"They esteem it so important and divine a grain, that their storytellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-dá-min, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

"It is well known that corn-planting, and corn-gathering, at least among all the still *uncolonized* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests." — *Oneota*, p. 82.

153. For *prisoner-string* Mr. Tanner gives the following explanation:

"These cords are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe-keeping."—*Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.

226. "If one of the young female huskers finds a *red* ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked*, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-ge-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the corn-field. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favorite mon-dâmin. . . .

"The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a corn-field. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

"This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn-song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*,—a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks*, or *the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are, *he who walks by night to pilfer corn*. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term."—*Oneota*, p. 254.

XIV. PICTURE-WRITING.—8-10. The Medas, Jossakeeds, and Wabenos are said by Schoolcraft (*Indian Tribes of the United States*, v. 71) to form three secret societies. The first are magicians, the second are prophets, and the third, most secret of all, are supposed to be in league with the powers of evil.

18. "The Totem was the device which indicated the guardian spirit of the fabled ancestor of a family. It was generally some bird or beast. There are a comparatively small number of totems throughout all the tribes; but all who had the same totem were held related."

XV. HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.—91. *Sacred Lodge*. A wigwam built on purpose for this ceremony.

191. *The Swinging Log.* Compare with the Mohammedan bridge of Al-Sirat, over which the souls passed to Paradise.

XVI. 65. *Pau-Puk-Keewis.* Schoolcraft says:

"This game is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society, — men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Ienadizze-wug*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power."

XVII. THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS:

274. *Pictured Rocks.* "The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording, for miles, no place of refuge, — the lowering sky, the rising wind, — all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated, and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues.

"It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveler, is derived; while that

applied to them by the French voyageurs ('Les Portails') is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

"The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travelers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface, than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . .

"Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojou* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories, without end, of the achievements of this Indian deity."—*Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior District.*

335. Only in his *human figure* could he be killed.

XVIII. THE GHOSTS.—Theoretically, any stranger or guest is welcome who enters the wigwam of an Indian. He has only to make known his wants, to be attended. In practice, the treatment often differs from this.

XXII. HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.—59-64. Father Marquette was received by the Illinois "with hands aloft extended, held aloft in sign of welcome."

## VOCABULARY.

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Adjidau'mo, *the red squirrel.*  
 Ahdeek', *the reindeer.*  
 Ahmeek', *the beaver.*  
 Annemee'kee, *the thunder.*  
 Apuk'wa, *a bulrush.*  
 Baim-wa'wa, *the sound of the thunder.*  
 Bemah'gut, *the grape-vine.*  
 Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior.*  
 Cheemaun', *a birch canoe.*  
 Chetowaik', *the plover.*  
 Chibia'bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits.*  
 Dahin'da, *the bull-frog.*  
 Dush-kwo-ne'-she, *or Kwo-ne'-she, the dragon-fly.*  
 Esa, *shame upon you.*  
 Ewa-yea', *lullaby.*  
 Gitche Gu'mee, *the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.*  
 Gitche Manito, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.*  
 Gushkewau', *the darkness.*  
 Hiawa'tha, *the Prophet, the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis, the West-Wind, and Wcno-nah, daughter of Nokomis.*  
 Ia'goo, *a great booster and story-teller.*  
 Inin'ewug, *men, or pawns in the Game of Bowl.*  
 Ishkoodah', *fire; a comet.*  
 Jee'bi, *a ghost, a spirit.*

Joss'akeed, *a prophet.*  
 Kabibonok'ka, *the North-Wind.*  
 Ka'go, *do not.*  
 Kahgahgee', *the raven.*  
 Kaw, *no.*  
 Kaween', *no indeed.*  
 Kayoshk', *the sea-gull.*  
 Kee'go, *a fish.*  
 Keeway'din, *the Northwest wind, the Home-wind.*  
 Kena'beek, *a serpent.*  
 Keneu', *the great war-eagle.*  
 Keno'zha, *the pickerel.*  
 Ko'ko-ko'ho, *the owl.*  
 Kuntasoo', *the Game of Plum-stones.*  
 Kwa'sind, *the Strong Man.*  
 Kwo-ne'-she, *or Dush-kwo-ne'-she, the dragon-fly.*  
 Mahnahbe'zee, *the swan.*  
 Mahng, *the loon.*  
 Mahn-go-tay'see, *loon-hearted, brave.*  
 Mahnomo'nee, *wild rice.*  
 Ma'ma, *the woodpecker.*  
 Maskeno'zha, *the pike.*  
 Me'da, *a medicine-man.*  
 Meenah'ga, *the blueberry.*  
 Megissog'won, *the great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealth.*  
 Meshinau'wa, *a pipe-bearer.*  
 Minjekah'wun, *Hiawatha's Mittens.*

Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; a waterfall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.*

Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha.*

Minne-wa'wa, *a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees.*

Mishe-Mo'kwa, *the Great Bear.*

Mishe-Nah'ma, *the Great Sturgeon.*

Miskodeed', *the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.*

Monda'min, *Indian corn.*

Moon of Bright Nights, *April.*

Moon of Leaves, *May.*

Moon of Strawberries, *June.*

Moon of the Falling Leaves, *September.*

Moon of Snowshoes, *November.*

Mudjeeke'wis, *the West-Wind; father of Hiawatha.*

Mudway-aush'ka, *sound of waves on a shore.*

Mushkoda'sa, *the grouse.*

Nah'ma, *the sturgeon.*

Nah'ma-wusk, *spearmint.*

Na'gow Wudj'oo, *the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.*

Nee-ba-naw'-baigs, *water-spirits.*

Nenemoo'sha, *sweetheart.*

Nepah'win, *sleep.*

Noko'mis, *a grandmother; mother of Wenonah.*

No'sa, *my father.*

Nush'ka, *look! look!*

Odah'min, *the strawberry.*

Okahah'wis, *the fresh-water herring.*

Ome'me, *the pigeon.*

Ona'gon, *a bowl.*

Onaway', *awake.*

Opechee', *the robin.*

Osse'o, *Son of the Evening Star.*

Owais'sa, *the blue-bird.*

Oweenee', *wife of Osseo.*

Ozawa'beek, *a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl.*

Pah-puk-kee'na, *the grasshopper.*

Pau-guk, *death.*

Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, *the handsome Yenadizze, the Storm Fool.*

Pe'boan, *Winter.*

Pem'ican, *meat of the deer or buffalo, dried and pounded.*

Pezhekee, *the bison.*

Pishnekuh', *the brant.*

Pone'mah, *hereafter.*

Puggawau'gun, *a war-club.*

Puk-Wudj'ies, Puk-Wudj-In-in'ees, *little wild men of the woods; pigmies.*

Sah-sah-je'-wun, *rapids.*

Sah'wa, *the perch.*

Segwun', *Spring.*

Sha'da, *the pelican.*

Shahbo'min, *the gooseberry.*

Shah-shah, *long ago.*

Shaugoda'ya, *a coward.*

Shawgashee', *the craw-fish.*

Shawonda'see, *the South-Wind.*

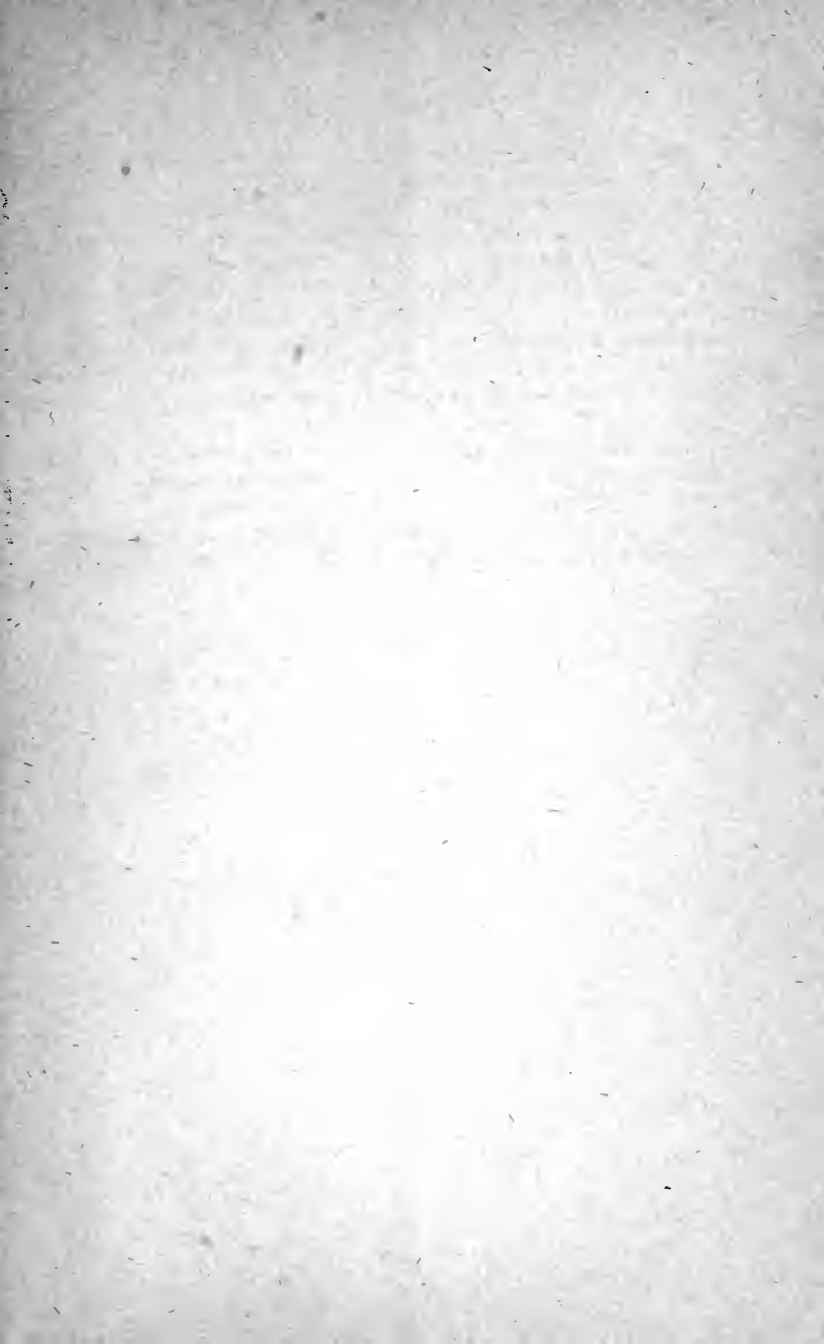
Shaw-shaw, *the swallow.*

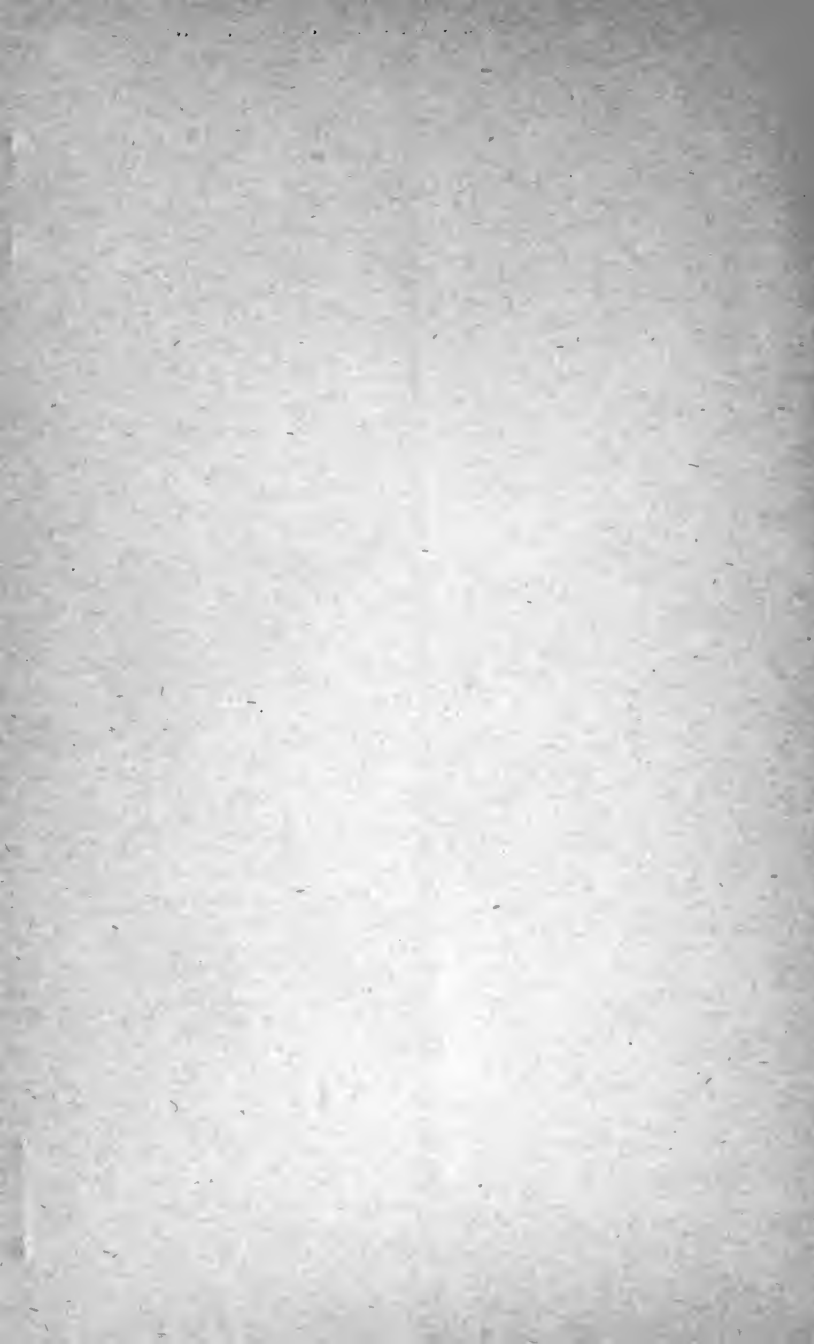
Shesh'ebwug, *ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl.*

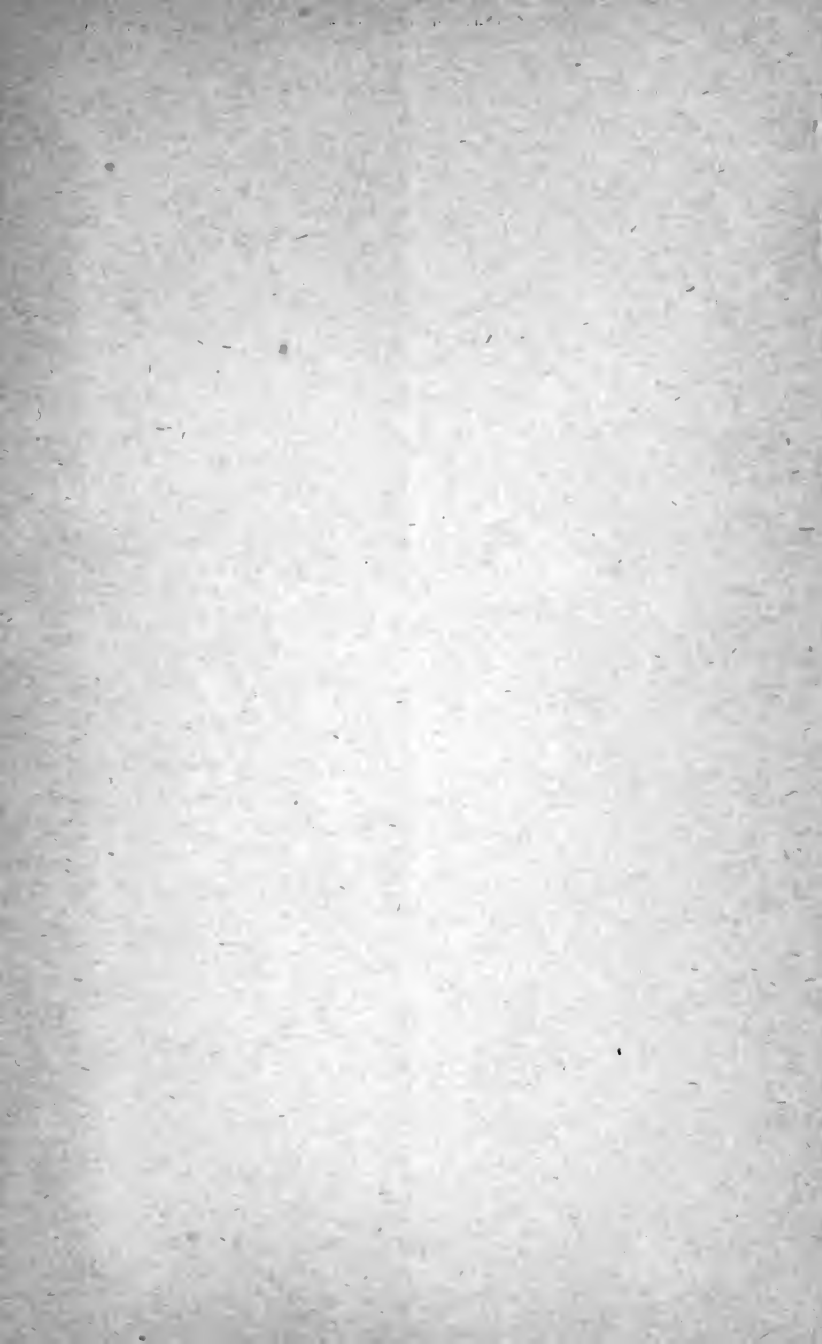
Shin'gebis, *the diver, or grebe.*

Showain' neme'shin, *pity me.*  
 Shuh-shuh'-ga, *the blue heron.*  
 Soan-ge-ta'ha, *strong-hearted.*  
 Subbeka'she, *the spider.*  
 Sugge'ma, *the mosquito.*  
 To'tem, *family coat-of-arms.*  
 Ugh, *yes.*  
 Ugudwash', *the sun-fish.*  
 Unktahee', *the God of Water.*  
 Wabas'so, *the rabbit; the*  
     *North.*  
 Wabe'no, *a magician, a juggler.*  
 Wabe'no-wusk, *yarrow.*  
 Wa'bun, *the East-Wind.*  
 Wa'bun An'nung, *the Star of*  
     *the East, the Morning Star.*

Wahono'win, *a cry of lamenta-*  
     *tion.*  
 Wah-wah-tay'see, *the fire-fly.*  
 Waubewy'on, *a white skin*  
     *wrapper.*  
 Wa'wa, *the wild-goose.*  
 Waw'beek, *a rock.*  
 Waw-be-wa'wa, *the white goose.*  
 Wawonais'sa, *the whippoorwill.*  
 Way-muk-kwa'na, *the caterpil-*  
     *lar.*  
 Weno'nah, *the eldest daughter;*  
     *Hiawatha's mother; daughter*  
     *of Nokomis.*  
 Yenadiz'ze, *an idler and gam-*  
     *bler; an Indian dandy.*



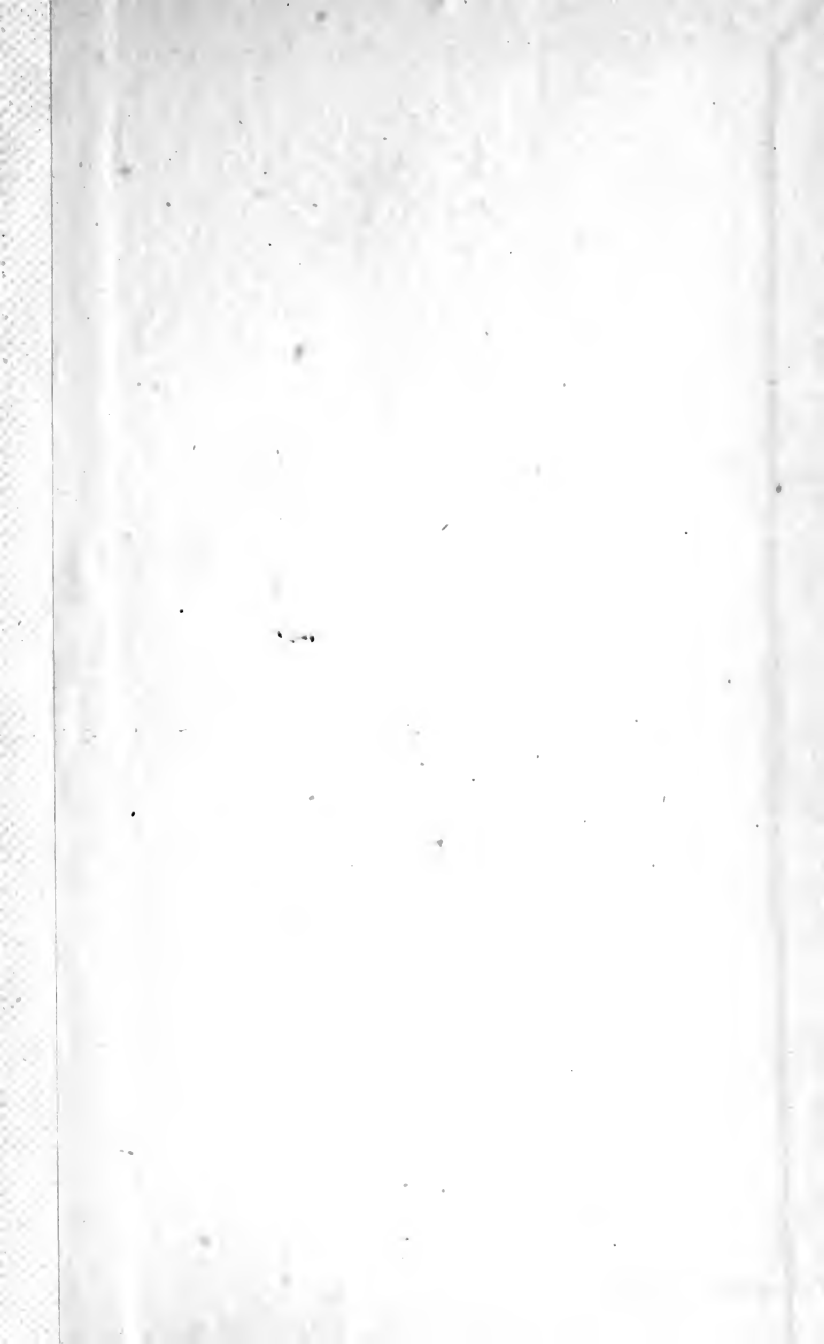








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